

THE
WOMAN of FASHION:

OR, THE
HISTORY
OF

Lady Diana Dormer.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

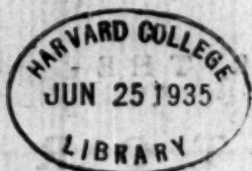
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THE
WOMAN OF FASHION.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mrs. PEIRCY.

HOW shall I express my Admiration of Lord *Darnly*! my dear *Sophia*?—My Heart is distressed with Gratitude, which I have no Way to manifest.—How generously does he interest himself in my Affairs! I inclose his Letter, which will save me the Trouble of transcribing his long—though far was it from appearing so to me—Narrative!—You'll find, I have Room to hope—Good Heavens! to what a Wretch had I engaged myself!

4 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

I look back with Horror on my Imprudence. Nothing can excuse it.—Why did I not rather submit to my Father's Will? He was better able to chuse, than a young Creature, as I then was, so ignorant of the World. Alas! that Ignorance led me to the Commission of a Fault, which I shall never pardon myself for being guilty of. But I have suffer'd for it; Heaven knows how severely! Since that fatal Moment, I have been a Stranger to Happiness; but Peace now begins to re-visit my long forsaken Breast.—I hope—Yes, my Friend, the ungenerous Man will, I trust, release me from my dreadful Promise, since his interested Views will be better answer'd by that, than by rejecting Lord Darnly's Proposal. Yet my Anxiety is inexpressible. Who knows what may be the Consequence of their next interview?

view? But he seem'd inclined to comply. Let me not then torment myself, till I know the worst.—Oh! *Sophia*, join your Prayers to mine, that my eloquent Friend may be successful—Should he not—But I dare not think of that.—Your Prejudice against *Williamson* was but too just. She is with him you find, a Creature of his from the first, I make no doubt.—I ought to be thankful, considering my Youth and her Character, that I escaped as I did. Such Opportunities as she procured him!

My Aunt has seen Lord *Darnly's* Letter. She was of Opinion with him, that there was no Necessity for revealing my Secret to my Uncle. But I could not bear the Thoughts, that he should so long, for my Sake, appear in a Light so disadvantageous to his

6 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Friend—His Generosity merited all the Return in my Power. I desired her, therefore, to reveal to him the whole unhappy Affair, in order to vindicate the Conduct of the amiable *Darnly*.—To my Father, however, I cannot yet find Courage to confess my Fault. I the more readily delay it, as there is now a Probability of my being restored to Freedom. Then indeed, he need never know his unhappy Daughter's Imprudence.—My Uncle was accordingly, on my strenuously insisting on it, acquainted with my melancholy Situation, and the disinterested Part his young Friend had acted. Your obliging Mamma undertook a Task, I never could have found Resolution to go through with.—Mr. *Groves* was, as you may suppose, greatly alarm'd, and no less surpris'd, at what he heard; but, in Pity to me, conceal'd his Emotions, and generously
endea-

endeavour'd to confirm my Hopes, that the Affair would, in the End, turn out as we wish : Nor did he suffer any Re-
proach, which I too justly merited, to escape him. If Lord *Darnly's* Endeavours fail, he told me, with his usual Goodness, he would himself engage in the Business, and did not in the least Despair of bringing Mr. *Obrian* to reasonable Terms. Mean Time he finds no small Difficulty, to remove my Father's Uneasiness in Regard to his Lordship's Absence.—Hitherto his good Opinion of him continues ; though he says it is but a puny Kind of Love, that would suffer a Man, let the Business be what it would, to leave his Mistress so oddly as he did—But all Things degenerate—Folks were strangely alter'd from what they were formerly. This, my dear *Sophia*, is the present Posture of your Friend's Affairs : Happy that

8 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

she is permitted to look forward to less gloomy Prospects.—Pray Heaven I may not be disappointed! That, after this Ray of Hope, would aggravate my Misery.—Adieu, Madam. Your expected Return has diffused a Joy over every Heart. Your Mamma's Letter will give you a faint Idea of her's. Come then, my *Sophia*, you know not how I mourn your Absence; we have none of us been ourselves since you went. My Friend and Brother, your *Harry* too!—Alas! I shall not long, I fear, enjoy the Pleasure of your dear Society. My Father talks of returning to **** where Business demands his Presence. The Eye of the Master does every Thing, he says: No trusting to Servants now-a-days.—My Uncle has, however, half obtain'd his Promise, to stay at least till Lord *Darnly* comes from Town. When that will be,

be, Heaven knows.—Once more I repeat it, hasten your Journey, my dear Friend, if you Love your

HENRIETTA.

LETTER XXIX.

TO HENRIETTA.

A SHORT Billet! my ever amiable *Henrietta*, I have Time for no more! 'Tis near the Hour, in which I am to wait on Lady *Diana Dormer*. I would have wrote ere now, but deferr'd it, in Hopes of having settled your important Affair one Way or other. Think not, Madam, a trifling Visit should trespass on that Time I wish wholly to dedicate to you, were it not on your Account I make it.—Her Ladyship is intimately acquainted with Capt. *Obrian*. The World even gives

A 5 him

10 *The WOMAN of FASHION:*

him to her for a Lover, and I am convinced of it from better Authority. Having heard this, I sought an Opportunity, and found no Difficulty to get myself introduced to her.—I was surprised to find her perfectly acquainted with your Affairs. She express'd high Displeasure against Mr. *Obrian*, and, with an Injunction to Secrecy, owned he was under a stronger Engagement to her, than you could be to him; said, she was convinced he would easily come into my Proposal, as the Perplexity of Affairs was the sole Reason why the Marriage was delay'd. The Match, she confess'd, was imprudent on both Sides; and now she half despised the Man, who could behave in so unworthy a Manner.—You may believe it was not from him she gain'd this Intelligence.

She

She endeavoured, however, to excuse him. He was wild, but had a good Disposition in the main. She flatter'd herself Marriage would reclaim him. I might depend on her Interest. It concern'd her Honour, that he should act as became the Man intended for her Husband; begged for her Sake, I would not expose him; he had already given but too much Room for Censure; the World was ill-natur'd; she could never believe his Morals were so faulty, as some censorious People, who wished to injure him in her Esteem, had represented them—He had good Sense, was naturally generous and sincere: Too sincere indeed, of which designing People are apt to take Advantage.—A rich Uncle, who had long been in a declining Way, and to whom he is Heir, was now, as he the very Evening after

our Interview informed her, at the Point of Death; which obliged him to set off Post for his House near fifty Miles from *London*, in Hopes of seeing him before he died. This Journey accounts for his not giving me a second Meeting, as I expected.—If the old Gentleman dies, continued Lady *Dor-mer*, our Marriage will no longer be delay'd. He will then be able to discharge his Debts; and will, besides, be Master of a Fortune not unworthy my Acceptance.

Judge, lovely *Henrietta*, with what Raptures I listen'd to this Account.—You have no longer any Cause of Uneasiness on his Account. There is no doubts of his restoring you to Freedom. But why did he not tell me those Particulars? Perhaps I was to blame, in treating him with rather too little Ceremony.

mony. The bad Character I had heard of him, prejudiced me against him. I could not—I did not indeed—take the least Pains to conceal my Dislike. This Journey to his Uncle's, will delay the Conclusion of your Affair. But be under no Concern. It must, it will end, to your Satisfaction. How long he will be absent is uncertain—Ah! it will appear an Age to me. With what Impatience do I long to be restored to the forfeited Esteem of my generous Friend! but how much more, to be once more permitted the Indulgence of those flattering Hopes!—Forgive me. My Heart is ungovernable. I have imposed Silence on myself on this dear interesting Subject, till you are at Liberty to encourage, or—Ah! let me not entertain the alarming Thought, that you will reject the Address of your ever devoted

DARNLY.

L E T.

LETTER XXX.

To Mrs. PEIRCY.

WHAT a dreadful Misfortune!
I want Words to describe my Grief.—Ah! my beloved Daughter, how is my Joy at your expected Return, lost in Affliction for our *Henrietta*! that *Henrietta*, whom I believed so sincere, so prudent—Good Heavens! can she have deceived us in this Manner? Is she capable of so much Art? such wicked Dissimulation?—But there are the most alarming Appearances against her. She is gone, *Sophia*—fled; nobody knows whither; when the Affair too, about which she pretended to be so anxious, was on the Point of being determined.—What can I think!—O that she may be innocent! 'Tis dreadful

ful but to doubt it for a Moment, yet the Report of the People, who saw her go off with that unworthy *Obrian*—Let me endeavour to restrain my Emotion; let me attempt a more particular Account.—The Wretch has imposed on the unsuspecting generous Lord *Darnly*; no dying Uncle has he; 'twas all a Pretence to facilitate his Journey here, where he was, for more than a Week, in Disguise.—I have not Patience to be minute. My Niece not only made him frequent Visits, as the People assure us, but wrote to him. I inclose her Letters. I'll tell you afterwards how I came by them. Who could have believed her capable of such Treachery? Of a Crime like this? dutiful as she ever appeared. But the Wretch has, it seems, great personal Attractions.—Ah! my Daughter, how weak! how cre-

credulous are the Generality of our Sex !
 —Surely she once seriously wished to be freed from her imprudent Engagement.
 —Little did I imagine he had such Influence over her Heart, repeatedly as she has assured me, he was indifferent to her. Yet she rashly ventured to see him—To see him, without my Knowledge.—Deceitful, unhappy Girl ! Alas ! early taught to deceive, first her Father, now her Friends. By what I can gather from the People's Account, that Creature *Williamson* was with him : Past for his Sister, it seems, she had gained but too much Authority over her. Who knows, how she might have been threatened, terrified into Compliance ; but why did she conceal it from me ? Why not apply to her Uncle for Protection ? —Ah ! there is no Excuse for what she has done—These Letters too are a too convincing Proof of her Regard for the despicable Wretch.—Despicable, I say ;

say ; for his loose Morals ought to make every Person of Virtue not only despise, but detest him.

To be more particular—She paid him, as I before said, two or three Visits at Farmer *Dickson's*. All the Neighbourhood are ready to testify this Truth. He, it seems, endeavoured to bribe the Farmer's Wife, and one of his Labourers, to Secrecy, charging them to conceal it from our Family in particular. They promised, foolish Creatures, and kept their Word till the Discovery was useless.—After they had settled their vile Plan, he discharged his Lodgings, and went off with his pretended Sister, making use of no Carriage ; the Man I before mentioned, following with the few Things they had. They went not to any great Distance ; no farther than *Hilly Farm*,
which

which is, you know, but half a Mile from hence: There my Niece soon after joined them. She had taken her *Sally* with her, but ordered her on some frivolous Pretence, to wait at some Distance till she returned.—What Circumstances are here to condemn her.

The Girl waited for more than two Hours, when alarmed at her Stay, Spite of her Prohibition, she went in Search of her; but fruitless, as you may believe, was her Search—She enquired, if they had seen her at the Farm. She had been there, they said, but went out with a strange Gentleman, and a young Woman, his Sister, as they heard him call her.—From thence, full of Apprehension, she hurried back to the Village, but still no Tidings—She returned Home. It was now quite dark;
and

and I greatly alarmed at her unusual Stay, had walked out in Hopes of meeting them. But judge of my Emotions, when I saw *Sarah* returning alone—I eagerly enquired for her Lady—With Difficulty I was prevented from fainting, when she told me what had happened.—There was a Necessity for informing my Brother.—He begged me to be composed; said, he would himself go in Search of her—We had at that Time no Suspicion that *Obrian* was concerned in her Flight, nor indeed imagined we she was fled—How should we? What could be her Motive?—My Brother charged me, to conceal, as much as possible, my Emotions from *Sir Roger*, and to apologize for not seeing *Henrietta* that Night, on Pretence of her having a slight Head-Ach. If he offered to go to her Apartment, I should

should prevent him, by saying she was just fallen into a Slumber.

After these Instructions he left me—How tedious was his Absence!—Supper was served at the usual Hour. Sir Roger asked for his Brother. He was obliged to go to * * *. What at this Time of Night, cried he. Folks have no Conscience; they wherret him to Death—Nothing is to be done without the 'Squire. This comes of his Charity and Indulgence. I made no Answer; my Heart was full. He observed not, however, my stifled Grief, and, soon after Supper, finding me but bad Company, and not having that of his beloved *Henny*, wished me good Night, and retired to his Apartment.—He had hardly left me, when my Brother returned; and, with a Mixture of Grief and Resentment in his Countenance,

told

told me every Particular of the fatal Event, as he had heard it from the Neighbours.—He then, to confirm all, delivered to me that vile *Obrian's* Pocket-Book, which, in his Confusion, he had forgot at *Dickson's*, who gave it to my Brother.

From one of *Dickson's* Labourers, the same I before mentioned, he had the following Account.—That *Mr. Smith*, (for so he called himself) sent him in the Morning to the Hall with a Letter, which he was to deliver into Madam's own Hands; that she read in his Presence; rewarded him for his Trouble; and, bidding him wait, returned, in a few Minutes, giving him an Answer, with which he immediately went back to his Employer, who seemed highly delighted with the Contents. In the Evening he removed his
Bag-

Baggage to *Hilly Farm*, where they had not long been, when my Niece joined them; and, without the least Reluctance, accompanied him and his Sister to a Chaise and fix, which waited at some Distance from the House: That they all got in, and drove away at a great Rate.—Ah! *Sophia*, could you have believed your Friend!—Good Heavens! is it possible! I doubt my very Senses—Could *Henrietta*, the modest, timid *Henrietta*, be guilty of such undutiful Imprudence!—Infatuated Girl! where was that Virtue, for which I thought her so conspicuous? Could she go off with a Man?—Such a Man too—And a Companion of *Williamson's*! shocking Character, I shall never for the future, be surprised at any Thing.

My Brother, though it was then past eleven o'Clock at Night, ordered his
Horses,

Horses, and, with two Attendants well arm'd, set out in Pursuit of them, taking the Country Fellow as his Guide, as he was the only one who could give him the least Intelligence which Way they were gone—He is of Opinion, they are gone to *Scotland*—To me was left the dreadful Task, of informing Sir *Roger* in the Morning, of what had happened.—As soon as my Brother was gone, I hurried to my Apartment, anxious to examine the Pocket-Book—Ah! my Daughter, in it I found but too convincing Proofs, if there had needed any more than I already had, of my Niece's Folly, to give it no harsher Name.—I once thought of sending you the Letters, but I may have Occasion for them before you return; and to copy them, in my present Distress, is, you may believe, impossible.

The

The Contents are, in short, a Confession of her Regard for him; her Dread of being obliged to marry Lord *Darnly*; her artfully engaging him in her Affairs, to get him out of the Way, and to prevent a premature Discovery of her Engagement to her Father.—She knew, she says, that she might depend on his refusing to release her; she could, therefore, the more safely venture to make the Proposal—She endeavours to clear herself from the Charge of Inconstancy, of which it seems he had accused her. This, and a Promise to see him at *Dickson's* in the Evening, are the most material Circumstances of her first Letter.—The next is still in a more obliging, not to say tender, Strain—She looks upon her solemn Promise, as sacredly binding. She never indulged a Thought of violating it. The Report

port she had heard of him from Lord Darnly, had, indeed, as she had before told him, greatly alarmed her; but then she recollected, that those unfavourable Accounts were from a Rival. He had pretty well cleared himself from the Charge. Wildness and Indiscretion he acknowledged. She would depend on his promised Reformation, with a great deal more to the same Purpose.

Another Meeting appointed in the third. She says, she had been considering his Proposal; had spent the Night in Tears; how could she leave her Father? How deceive her indulgent Friends?—She was in the utmost Distress on what to determine; but she was fully convinced her Father's Approbation was not to be hoped for. Yet was she not his by the most sacred Tie? But then, to give such Room

for Censure, faultlessly as she had hitherto endeavoured to act—How would it wound her Reputation, and the Hearts of her Relations?—She then talks much of her Grief—But at last, concludes with granting his Request.

A third Interview appointed, when every Thing was to be settled for their Flight—This is the artless, as we all thought her—*Henrietta!*—The pious, the dutiful *Henrietta!*—How did we all use to admire her! how eager in her Praise! contending who should do most Justice to her Merit.—Alas! a deceitful Heart more than counterbalances those specious Accomplishments, she seemed so eminently to possess.

My Tears flow—I am too severe—Pity takes place of my Resentment. Alas! my poor dear Niece! my Child!

as

The WOMAN of FASHION. 27

as I ever loved to call her, how art thou fallen ! Love—Unhappy Love—has been thy Ruin.—What a miserable Fate is thine ! to what a Wretch art thou going to be united !—Ah ! my Daughter, my Tears are fruitless—'Tis past. Her Misfortunes are remediless, if Heaven interposes not, by a Kind of Miracle, to save her.—Who can describe the Rage, the Anguish of her incensed Father. He too joins in the—I fear—fruitless Pursuit.—I must lay down my Pen. Farewel, my Child ; hasten to console, by your dear Presence, your affectionate, your sorrowful Mother,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER XXXI.

To JOHN BANKS, *Esq;*

DID you ever, for a Moment, doubt thy Friend's being one of the cleverest Fellows in *England*? If you did, retract; blush at your Want of Discernment, and do me Justice—I am, at this Instant, not only the cleverest, but the happiest of Mortals.—The Day is my own, *Jack*. Fortune! I defy thee.—Lord help that simple Soul of a Lord. Did he think he was a Match for me, with his Honour, Sincerity, and such old fashion'd Stuff?—Methinks I am half sorry, he had not more Address. He left me so few Difficulties to encounter: And Difficulty to me, is the very Life of an Intrigue. A Man's Talents, now-a-days, are lost for

for Want of Opportunities to shew them: One half of the Sex so coming—the other half so simple.—But now for a few Particulars—*Williamson*—My Sister, an't please ye, in a declining Way: (The Girl has naturally one of your Town-bred Complexions; and, when not assisted by Art, might well enough pass for consumptive, amongst the rosy Nymphs of the Village) She, advised to go into the Country for the Benefit of the Air; I, a fond Brother, forsooth, bearing her Company from pure brotherly Affection: Our Habits plain, to avoid impertinent Curiosity—mine in particular, Snuff Colour; a Wig—You never saw such a Devil of a Wig—Our Lodgings at a convenient Farm-house, not more than a Quarter of a Mile from the Castle of the *Bountifuls*. So the Rustics call them, perhaps with Justice.—Of those

that have much, much is required—
That's not my Case, *Jack*; and yet I
have, in my Time, done generous
Things as well as my Neighbours. I
am forced to rub up your Memory in
Regard to my good Actions. You are
plaguy apt to forget them, as well as
the rest of the ungrateful World.

To this Village, almost every Even-
ing, resorted my little Inconstant, on
Visits of Charity—She's confoundedly
pious, it seems. For the three or four
first Days, a motherly old Dowager,
her Aunt, accompanied her. That
gave me no Concern. I had concerted
my Measures to elude her Vigilance,
and was in no great Hurry to put my
grand Scheme in Execution—The Rea-
son this—Stealing an Heiress is some-
times past a Joke. I determined, there-
fore, to make it appear to her Friends

a vo-

a voluntary Elopement.—This you will think no easy Task—That to you it might not, is granted ; but all Things are easy to a Genius like mine.—In their friendly Rounds, our Cottage you may believe is not omitted—Unfortunately, however, my Sister and I happen'd always to be taking our Evening Walks when the good Soul came, consequently did not see them—They nevertheless heard of the Strangers. Mighty quiet good Kind of People, as our Neighbours said—The young Woman far gone in a Consumption ; the Brother, a grave Man, both in his Conversation and Dress. All the military Graces laid aside—Very tender of her. It did their Hearts good to see such Friendship between Brother and Sister.—My little Dear in particular, was desirous to see the worthy Creatures. Perhaps we were not happy in our Cir-

cumstances.—No Attendant, yet a sick Person generally requiring so much Attendance. She wished to do us all the Service in her Power. Gentle Soul!—Her Visits were more frequent—Still no Curiosity gratified—It was necessary, however, for my Scheme, People should believe she had seen us—How was that to be managed?—In this Manner—Our Landlord was generally from Home, so (it being Harvest Time) was his Hand-maid—His Wife, a jolly Dame! too jolly for a Bustler, was left at Home to keep House. To get her out of the Way then, was all I wanted. I told you, I had left my Servant at some Distance from the Scene of Action. He made his Appearance, however, in due Time, disguised *En Clown*; ask'd to be employed. Labourers were much wanted, he easily succeeded. 'Tis a shrewd Fel-

Fellow, and one of tried Fidelity—
He work'd for the Farmer where we
lived, it was what he had been ac-
custom'd to. I had hired him in the
Country. After two or three days La-
bour, he was conveniently seized with
an Ague. I took Compassion on him,
prevail'd on his Master to take him in,
and paid for his Board. Our good
Dame, being thus provided with a De-
puty, might safely leave him to take
Care of the House, while she an arrant
Gossip, slipped out to have a little
Chat with her Neighbours.—Mean
Time comes young Madam, as they
call her, enquires of *Tom* for the Family
—They are out, and the Strangers
too?—Yes, Madam. She asks him a
thousand Questions. He returns very
circumstantial Answers, in order to
lengthen the Visit. I overhear their
Conference from an adjoining Room.

B 5. Home-

Home comes mine Hostess—Courtly, and La'shipping her generous Visitor, who, after a condescending Enquiry into her Health and that of her good Man's, trips off.—*Thomas*, as soon as she is gone, launches out in her Praise. So handsome, so affable, cries the Fellow. She has been deady kind to *Mr. Smith*. That's my travelling Name, *Jack*—Captain is a good one; but I have a too just Title to it.—Well, I am glad she has been with him, cry'd the Dame, for she wanted mightily to see him. Ah! she's a tender-hearted young Lady, returned he. She spoke to me as civilly, aye for all the World, as if I had been her Equal; told me what was good for my Ague, and gave me half a Crown. I am sure I am bound to pray for her, the longest Day I have to live—I now made my Appearance.—You seem deeply engaged in Conversation,

sation, said I, and about me too I fancy, for I heard you several Times mention my Name.—Why, Sir, I was saying as how young Madam had been with you; and to be sure, she is the sweetest Creature that Eyes ever beheld.—But harkee, Friend, you must not give your Tongue too much Liberty. The Lady came to me about particular Business.—I would not have you, or my Dame here, take any Notice that I have seen her—Her Family, in particular, must know nothing of the Matter.—Remember, I charge you to be secret.—The plump Soul, my Landlady, was all agog at this Prohibition; promised fair what she never meant to perform. *Tom's* Discretion is no more to be rely'd on.—Before Night, I doubt not the whole Village was, with Injunctions of Secresy, let into the important Secret.—A sad Thing,

Women should be such Blabs.—The next and following Evenings—Madam's Visits were renew'd, and without her *Argus*, who had fortunately taken Cold with her Evening Rambles.—I was at Home. Mine Hostess, as before, sent out of the Way; but, by *Tom's* Management, always return'd at the very Moment I wished: That is to say, Time enough to see the fair One depart.—By this Means, our Intimacy was no longer doubted.—The Way thus paved for my grand Project, it was Time to put it in Execution.—Thou knowest my Dexterity at imitating almost any Hand-writing. Nature, who gave me strong Passions, without a sufficient Fortune to gratify them, seems to have bestowed that Talent on me, in Case of Necessity. I made, however, an allowable Use of it on this Occasion.—That Puppy of a Lord—No Fool neither,
to

to give the Devil his Due—wrote to me, you may remember—I little thought, at the Time, his insignificant Letter would, by the Assistance of my fertile Genius, be so serviceable to me—But this is the Use I made of it—Imitating his Hand so exactly, that I defy even himself to know it from his own, I wrote, as follows, to my Charmer.—Charmer!—Aye, Charmer *Jack*. By my Soul, she's a lovely Creature.—But to the Letter—Read, and pay me the Tribute of just Admiration.

To HENRIETTA.

“ I am in Extasy, lovely *Henrietta*. Heaven has crown'd my Endeavours with Success. You are free, Madam; and I am the happiest of Men.—I reserve the Particulars for a personal Interview, to which Honour I hope soon

to

to be admitted. I write this from *Hilly Farm*. It is necessary I should see you, before I make my Appearance at the Hall. I have something of the utmost Importance to communicate, and to consult you upon—I must receive your Instructions, in what manner I am to proceed; and this I must know, before I see any of your Family—I dare not trust it to writing. Should my Letter miscarry, or be intercepted, your Affairs, successfully as they have hitherto been managed, might, after all my Endeavours, be ruined by that one Indiscretion. Favour me then, I beseech you, with your Company for half an Hour at this Place, where I impatiently wait for that Honour—Your Family must, some Time longer, be ignorant of my Return—I may, perhaps, be obliged to take a second Journey to Town, if you should ob-
ject

ject to the Proposals I have ventured to make in your Name. In that Case, there is no Time to be lost; as Mr. *Groves* is not informed of your Engagement, I would avoid seeing him, till every Thing is agreeably settled, till I am at Liberty to vindicate my seemingly ungrateful Conduct.—Favour me, amiable *Henrietta*, with a few Lines in answer to this. Inform me if I may expect the Honour of your Company.

I am, Madam,

Your most devoted,

DARNLY."

I have Modesty enough to confess, that *Williamson* had the principal Hand in composing this notable Epistle, since she best knew the State of Affairs.

With

With this Letter, properly instructed, was *Tom* dispatched to deliver it into her own Hands, to receive her Answer, &c. &c. Mean Time I discharged my Lodgings, a careless Fellow I am. In putting up my Things, I forgot my Pocket-Book on the Table—The Reason you'll know in due Time. I had a Post-Chaise and six in Readiness near *Hilly Farm*, to which Place, with a beating Heart, I repaired. Confoundedly tedious to me did the Hours appear till the Return of my Messenger—I flew to meet him.—What News, *Tom*? Almost out of Breath—Read, Sir, an Answer to your Wish, or I am much deceived. For the Lady blush'd so prettily, when she read your's, and so liberally rewarded me for my Trouble, that I guess she could ill refuse any Request of the imagined Writer.—While he spoke, I eagerly opened her

her Billet. The dear Creature was all Gratitude—Would meet me without the least Scruple at the Hour appointed.—I was ready to embrace the Rogue, in the first Transports of my Joy—With violent Emotions I waited for the important Hour, that was to decide my Fate. It came, and with it the pretty, unsuspecting Charmer. Out at the back Door I sallied; *Williamson* was already in the Chaise—The People of the House were not proper Witnesses to the Scene that was to follow—She accosted the Landlady—*Tom* hastened to meet her, and delivered this short Note.

Madam,

“I wait for you in the Lane, to which the Bearer will conduct you. I fear’d the People of the House might have been impertinently curious. The Affair

fair I expect the Honour of talking to
upon you, demands the utmost Secrecy.
Your's,

DARNLY."

Without making any Answer, she followed my Rascal, who led her to his—Rascally Master, you'll perhaps say, if I did not say it for you—What followed is past Description—We took Care, however, to prevent her making a Noise.—But the Anguish of her Looks! Streaming Eyes, raised to that Heaven she addressed in vain! Hands clasped in a supplicating Attitude!—Then the most violent Struggles to free herself from my Arms—Silly Soul! what was she afraid of? many a dear Creature would have been glad to have been in her Place—I forcibly lifted her into the Chaise—Away it drove like the Devil.—*Tom* was left behind, that he might

might at a proper Time, give a full particular, and no less true Account of what had happened.

So ended the first Part of my Scheme—The second is not positively determined—A Wife or no Wife, is the Question—She is securely in my Power, remember; at my sovereign Disposal—At first, she was all Submission; Tears, suing, kneeling, entreating; but now the pretty Fool takes State upon her, forsooth—O dear! O dear! it well becomes her to be sure; situated as she is, her Fate depending on my imperial Nod.—Pretty Treatment, but she had better change it—Was I not her first Love? Is she not mine by the most solemn Engagement? If she makes light of a Promise so sacred, with all her Pretences to Piety, what can she expect of me, who make no such Pretension?

44 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

tension? She will die sooner than become the Wife of such a Wretch, she says. My Behaviour has cancelled all her Obligations. From her Heart, she detests me as a Monster—Very civil by my Soul. She will not be my Wife—Harkee, pretty one, I know not if you will ever be admitted to that Honour.—On my Part every Thing has hitherto been decent and respectful.—How long it may continue so, depends a good deal on herself—Let her beware of trying my Patience too far. I have Pride—Love—Revenge—at my Heart. Who knows what may be the Consequence—*Williamson* condescended to offer her Attendance on the little Obstinate, and was haughtily refused.—But where the Duce are you, all this Time, you ask.—In *London*, *Jack*; conveniently lodged in an obscure Part of the Town, where I shall remain.

remain till she listens to reasonable Terms.

I'll do you say, *Williamson*! In Fits!
—Duce take the perverse wilful little Gipsy, she plagues me to Death. But I'll cure her, I'll warrant you. Gentleness wont do, I find.—Adieu—I hasten to her Apartment.

Your's,

G. OBRIAN.

LETTER XXXII.

To Captain OBRIAN.

JOY! Joy! most noble Captain!
A Mistress to give her Lover Joy of a Wife! pretty extraordinary, it must be owned; yet, had your Inconstancy offended

offended me, I could not have wished you a greater Punishment.—But there's nothing of this in the Case; our Love may be defined the Love of Pleasure. While you contribute to mine, you will be dear to me. No longer, Captain, remember that—I adore you for your Address in this Affair. I was beginning to doubt your Pretensions to my Favour, but you have now clearly made out your Title. A clever Fellow, like you, justifies the Distinction I honour him with. Harkee, *Obrian*, don't be jealous.—But this Rival of your's, this Lord *Darnly*, is an amazing pretty Youth. I am half inclined to insist him in the Number of my Slaves. There is a Kind of Vacancy; for I am mistaken, if your sullen fair One does not, for some Time, find you sufficient Employment—'Tis a sweet little Rustic,

tic, to do her Justice—I owe her a good Turn, for daring to dispute with me the Prize of Beauty. Her Swain shall revenge my Quarrel—That the soft Souls love each other, I take for granted.—*Paris* decided in Favour of *Venus*. Her Youth is more lovely than *Paris*; and I much more resemble that Laugh-ter-loving Dame than her, in every Thing but—I was going to say—Beauty—Violently humble, methinks—If she is more regularly handsome, my Graces supply that Defect.—O 'twould be a joyous Vengeance to rob her of his Heart, after giving her a Husband like thee.—But you stand doubtful, shuddering on the Brink of that Precipice, Matrimony. No Wonder, 'tis literally a Lover's Leap. For what so effectually destroys that Passion? What do I advise? You ask.—Ah! Lord—
Why

48 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Why really Captain, I don't know what to advise; you will, I fear, make but a so so Figure, as that domestic Animal, a Husband. I won't answer for my Constancy—I loved you, as the gay, roving, spirited *Obrian*. But how I shall stand affected towards *Benedict* the married Man, is not quite so clear.—Yet, if you do not marry her, let me ask, in my Turn, how, honest Friend, do you propose to come at her Fortune? And that at least, if not a Wife, is the one Thing needful—You imagine, perhaps, that, even as a Mistress, she will share it with you—No doubt, she ought, in Gratitude for the Favour—Ah! no Dependance on that; or you stand but a poor Chance, I can tell you—I think you may as well marry her, to save Trouble; though, to say Truth, I should be glad to have her imperious Virtue humbled.—So she gives herself
violent

violent *Airs*! does she?—Those romantic Girls teize a Man's Heart out, but Difficulties enhance the Value of Conquest; a Truth, generally confess'd, yet but little attended to by us.

*The Trifle once gain'd, like a Boy at
his Play—*

*Soon the Wanton grows weary and
flings it away.*

Ah! no more of your violent Professions of Admiration at my Wit, Invention, &c. &c. It looks, as if you thought it possible to refuse doing me that Justice—Admiration I take for granted, I know myself intitled to it. No need of Assurances of that Nature—Yes, I think I gave you some shrewd Hints, and most successfully kept your Rival at Bay—What now, *John*?—Lord *Darnly*, and please your

La'ship.—Ah! nobody stands a better Chance of pleasing my La'ship; admit him, *John*.—I attend his Lordship in a few Moments—I guess what has brought the dear Creature here. He has heard from *Booby-Hall*, I suppose.—I shall find some Difficulty to clear myself.—No Way but to throw all the Blame on you—Vile Wretch as you are, to have so cruelly deceived me with your dying Uncle, when our Marriage was just on the Point of being concluded too! ha! ha! ha! —I think I see his fine oval Face lengthened out of all Proportion with Amazement, his lovely Eyes sparkling with Rage, or sadden'd into pensive Langour, at his disappointed Love—I enter.—He approaches me, and, with his usual Earnestness of Expression, when his Heart dictates the Subject, raves at his perfidious fair.

One ; vows Vengeance against thee,
noble Captain, his too successful Rival
—I hesitating, ask an Explanation.
He attempts one, in incoherent broken Words—Down sinks my Ladyship fainting, expiring, dying at your Inconstancy.—He flies to my Assistance—as I now do with Extacy to meet him.—Once more don't be jealous, *George* ; but I'll take my Death, he's an amazing pretty Fellow—Adieu.

Your

DIANA D.

LETTER XXXIII.

To JOHN BANKS, *Esq*;

THERE is no managing this Girl,
Jack.—Threats, Vows, Prayers
—nothing will do—Love for another

32 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

has steel'd her perverse Heart against me. Is it to be borne? whom is it that she dares to dares to despise? a Fellow of my Appearance! so accus-
tom'd to Favour!—By my Soul I can't bear it—I will be revenged—
dreadfully revenged, if she does not timely change her Conduct.—I love her not well enough, to stop at any thing to gratify my just Resentment. Just, I say; for is she not mine, per-
jured Girl as she strives to be, by the most solemn Ties? Did I entertain a
Passion for her indeed, I might play the Hypocrite, and endeavour by those
Arts, which I have ever found success-
ful, to move her in my Favour; but,
spite of her Charms, no Passion do I
feel, but those of Pride and Resent-
ment.—You know not how insolently
she treats me. Perverse, inconsider-

ate, little Gipsy! How dares she thus excite me to Vengeance!

I would know thy Opinion *Jack*, by what Means I may best effect it, whether by Marriage, or a less honourable Connection—A little Force will accomplish either. I think, however, by the former I shall be more securely Master of her Fortune. By the last, I may not so easily get Possession of it—But then a Wife!—Yet, as I shall manage the Matter, she will not prove any violent Incumbrance. Once secure of the tempting Bait that first allured me, and farewell to my honest Helpmate, I shall leave her to her own Devices; while I, not the least restrained by my Fetters, pursue mine. I shall be more than ever at Liberty.—Adieu to military Slavery. I sell, or throw up my Commission, and

54 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

away the Lord knows where. Perhaps, a Trip to *Paris*. Master of such a Fortune as I shall then be, no fear of a good Reception wherever I fix my Residence. My Heart exults at the joyous Prospect. By *Jupiter*, I'll show away then for Conquest, Love, and Gaiety.—'Tis fixt, your Advice is needless, it must be so. Who would boggle at a foolish Ceremony? —'Twill soon be over, and then—I am all Extacy at the Thought—I'll about it instantly.—A cursed Life have I led—an Age of precious Time murder'd. Almost as much a Prisoner as my little Vixen. No trusting her, even to the vigilant *Williamson*; vigilant for her own Interest more than mine. We have had a confounded Quarrel; 'tis the Devil to have a cast-off Mistress thrown upon one's Hands. And then the Gipsy, knowing I am
under

under a Necessity to keep fair with her, is as insolent as she used to be in the Days of her Power—Plague on the Jade; would she have a Man love her, in spite of Nature and Satiety. Her Fondness is surfeiting. Then she takes upon her to be jealous, forsooth; threatens Vengeance, if I do not sacrifice to her my adorable Widow—I'll see her d——d first, and so I told her; she raved—I threaten'd—till, stunned with the worst of all Noise, the Tongue of a Scold, I took Shelter in my Apartment.—But I must now condescend to sooth her into good Humour again—No doing without her, at this critical Juncture.—My Purpose served, and she may go to the Devil for me. I'll send for her immediately. A *Judas* Kiss or two, a few Caresses, and the fond Fool is again my humble Servant. The soft Soul loves me to

56 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Distraction—Women are the merest
Turtles for Constancy. No curing them,
behave as one will, of that troublesome
Foible—Here, *Tom*, tell Mrs. *William-*
son I beg the Favour of her Company.
—The Duce is in it, if that is not com-
plaisant enough—I shall be murder'd
with her Fondness; her grateful Fond-
ness, for my deigning to make the first
Advances towards a Reconciliation—
Not often without weighty Reasons,
do I stoop to it even with her Betters
—O here she comes.

In Continuation.

Every thing is settled, I am going
for a Licence and Parson—Ah! Lord
—should I not add, a Halter too? to
put a finishing Stroke to the Tragedy.
—Marriage and hanging, they say,
go by Destiny—Confounded Nooses
both.

both. 'Tis not the first Time I have been in Danger of the latter—Ah! *Jack*, the former is now inevitable—There may be some Difficulty to get this precious Licence—the Girl under Age—no Consent from Papa.—But is there not such a Thing as a special Licence?—a special good one do they mean?—It must be so, if it answers my Purpose—I know very little of those Affairs. But, should every thing else fail, a Jaunt to *Scotland* will at any Time do my Business—Adieu. I am all Impatience, and for what?—Could you believe it, *Jack*? to be married.—Miracles are not ceased.

Your's

G. O'BRIAN.

LETTER XXXIV.

To Miss BRUDNELL.

MAKE yourself perfectly easy, *Brudnell*, not a Soul suspects the real Cause of your Country Jaunt; that's saying enough, to satisfy you in regard to that Affair. Now for my own, tho' I have hardly Time to enter upon it—No Creature alive has so much Business on her Hands. Thank Heaven, that Business is Pleasure. I am perfectly fatigued with it—But I steal a few Moments from my numerous Engagements, my sighing Swains, to talk to you of my new Passion.—Ah! *Brudnell*, I love at last, in down right sober Sadness, the dear bewitching *Darnly*.—I told you in my last he was gone to ***, almost distracted for the Loss of his deceitful Inconstant

constant—How the charming Fellow raved at our artful seducing Sex! even in my Presence rave at them!—He had, however, the Complaisance to make Exceptions, and delicately condole with me on the Perfidy of my Lover. The Resemblance of our Fate seem'd to endear me to him. I, you may believe, made the most of his favourable Sentiments, and endeavour'd, with the most insinuating Tenderneſs both of Looks and Expression, to console him—He has great Sensibility.—The Careſſes of a fine Woman, could not fail to make ſome Impreſſion on him, determin'd as he was by his recent Diſappointment, to ſteel his Heart againſt our Allurements. He is juſt entering into Life, artleſs and ſincere; all his Paſſions awake, unpall'd by Satiety; his Temper warm, —ardent in his Attachments, and no

less violent in his Resentments —
Charming Youth! What would I give
to have him under my Tuition? Who
so capable of introducing or giving
him a right Knowledge of Life? I en-
deavoured to cultivate an Intimacy.
He seems pleased with my Company,
no wonder. His Vanity—we have all
a competent Share of that—must be
flattered, by having a fine Woman, a
Woman of Quality, one too, whom it
is the Fashion to admire, thus to dis-
tinguish him.—Could I but give him
a Taste for Pleasure! But the dear
Soul has had such Care taken of his
Education, such violent Pains to in-
still good Morals, that positively I
half despair.—Marriage is out of the
Question. I too well know the Joys
of Freedom, to part with that high-
prized Blessing.

Not .

Not a Word of poor *Obrian* all this Time, you cry—No, my Dear, not one; nor a Thought neither, till this Instant. Yet to do Justice, he was once—nay, is still for that Matter, a charming Fellow—Thy Friend has a capacious Heart; one Object, be he ever so perfect, will never wholly engross it. But the Creature is now so continually taken up with his precious Intended, that I have not seen him this Age.—When I do—why then, Child, 'tis a thousand to one, whether he will be in Favour or not; just as the Whim takes me—mean Time no Inconstancy on his Part. I was never born to be forsaken. It has ever been my Rule, to watch the Crisis of my Lover's Passion. When I found it on the Decline, I have ever taken the Start of him, and seem'd the first to change.

But

But about this *Obrian*, he is at last determined on no less than Matrimony ; his Deary's Fortune, as soon as he becomes Master of it, to be laid at my Ladyship's Feet. He talks of a Tour to *Paris* immediately after his Nuptials ; hates Ceremony ; will leave, therefore, his Helpmate to receive the Congratulations of his Friends on the happy Occasion—The Creature is very eloquent with me, to take that Trip some Weeks before him. 'Tis what you know, I have for some Time talk'd of ; I should not a Moment hesitate to oblige him, could I prevail on a certain Person to be my Companion. You, *Brudnell*, I depend on as one of the Party. But the charming *Darnly* ! how shall I carry that Point !—He return'd from *** last *Tuesday*. Some Business in regard to
his

his late Uncle's Estate to settle; then he determines, as he very gravely told me, to quit the gay World, and in Retirement, by the Assistance of Reason and Philosophy, endeavour the Conquest of his unhappy, ill-placed Passion.—The dear Wretch! does he think at his Time of Life, this wise Scheme will long predominate.—I rallied him unmercifully. He wants not Spirit to retort it.—But on so grave a Subject—How could I treat his Misfortune with so much Levity? Had I too so soon forgot what, at the Time, seem'd so deeply to afflict me?—Heavens! my Lord, 'tis an Age since then. If it afflicted me deeply, it could not, for that very Reason, be lasting—Besides, the very Thoughts of what caused my Grief, cured it—For could I—ought I, to regret the Loss of one, who had proved himself so unworthy

64 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

worthy of my Favour.—Ah ! would I could Reason so justly ! sigh'd he ; or rather, would to Heaven those Reasons could conquer my unhappy Passion ! But there is no Cure for a Love like mine.—Oh ! Madam, you know not, at least you could not feel, the Power that deceitful Charmer has over the Heart. Such Sweetness, such modest, such insinuating Graces—But I will drive her from my Thoughts—Do, my Lord, cry'd I, smiling. Those high Encomiums of another's Beauty, is not the most grateful Subject to entertain a fine Woman with.—Besides, the Remembrance of her puts me out of Conceit with my Sex—It humbles me—I am not accusom'd to be humbled—Far be it from me, Madam, said he, to judge of the whole by one faulty fair One ; I hope I shall ever know how to make a proper Distinction,

on,

on. He took my Hand—Irrresistible Fellow! every Thing he does or says, is with a Grace that beggars all Description.

O! did I tell you, Mr. *Groves* came to Town with him? his *Mentor* as he calls him.—His worshipful Family have given over their fruitless Search after the fair Runaway.—He, *Groves* I mean—Don *Quixoted* as far as *Scotland*, it seems, in Pursuit of the recreant Knight and his Damsel; but return'd as wise as he went, and almost got his Labour for his Pains.—Her Booby Father raves, storms, and vows an everlasting Resentment. If she was starving for a Morsel of Bread, as he elegantly expresses himself, by the Lord *Harry* he would not relieve her. That he doubts not will be her Fate, and no more than she richly deserves,

serves, for her Undutifulness to so fond a Parent, and flinging herself away, as she has done, on a Rake, a worthless Libertine.—So threatens and blusters the noble Knight.—Her other Relations no less exasperated; the new-made Gentlewoman, honest *Cleopatra*, sicken'd upon it, forsooth; was in Danger from a Fever, into which Grief for her dear *Henrietta* had thrown her; her Spouse, honest Man, kept up the Farce, and was violently Woe-be-gone on the Occasion—In short, the once regular Family of the *Bountifuls*, is now one continued Scene of Uproar and Confusion.

My mad Cousin in her romantic Way, writes me this Account. For her Part, she sees nothing extraordinary in the Adventure; and, to prove that it is not, quotes from her favourite

favourite Authors two or three parallel Instances—Instances, which you may believe I did not honour with a Perusal. Lord help the simple Soul! Did she think I would waste my precious Time in reading her Nonsense?—That her enormous Packet might not, however, after all her Pains, be quite useless, I presented it to my Friseur, and I do assure you, my Ringlets sat quite in the *Arcadian* Stile for a Week after, for so long did her Epistle serve that honourable Purpose.—This puts me in mind of my Toilette, I shall scarce have Time to compleat the Labours of it before Dinner. I dine at Lady *Spencer's*; then a hundred flying Visits, then the Opera, then Lady *Fitzpatrick's* Rout, and dear enchanting Quadrille till Midnight—No Reason, after all this, to reproach myself, as some *Roman* Hero did, I forget who—

68 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

who—with I have lost a Day—Adieu.
Dress demands my Presence.—Attend
all ye Graces—

Your

DIE D—

LETTER XXXV.

To the SAME.

UNDONE, *Brudnell!* absolutely
ruin'd.—The Duce take the
Cards.—Lost an Immensity—all the
Money I had about me, and a Debt
of Honour too—only two hundred
Pounds, Child; a Trifle, to be sure,
in the present Situation of my Affairs
—How it is to be discharged, Heaven
knows.—Were it to a male Creature
indeed, the Difficulty would not be
so great; but 'tis to that arrant Game-
ster

fter Lady *Basset*.—I thought how Matters would go, as soon as I saw the plump Soul squat herself down at our Table. I believe in my Conscience, his infernal Majesty stood at her Elbow ; for never did she get the Cards into her capacious Fist, but as sure did she secure herself the *Mata-dores*—Two *sans prendre voles*.—I, unfortunate Creature, not one asking Hand, not once call'd—Do you think I did not fret? 'Twould have try'd the Patience of *Job*.—*Bob Sparks* was of our Party. What a Comfort for him, that he was not like us poor Females, obliged to preserve some Decorum in his Rage—He swore most gloriously.—That Consolation was denied me, I could only whisper an Amen to his Curses—I play'd deeper than I intended to do, made desperate by my ill Luck ; mortified too, by
the

the Air of Triumph so visible in her Ladyship—How her naturally fiery Complexion glow'd! her Face so plump! so shining! her wide Mouth primmed up, to prevent the broad Grin she could hardly restrain, so great was her Joy.—My Lips, on the contrary, trembling with Anger; my Cheeks pale as Death; and Heart fluttering, agitated between Hope and Fear at every new Deal.—At four the Assembly broke up—I flung myself into my Chair, was carried Home dying with Vexation—Poor *Bennett* suffer'd, it was necessary to vent it on somebody, no matter who.—Went to Bed—closed not my Eyes the whole Night—rose this Morning by twelve. What could I do? Sleep, like modern Friends, forsook me in my Distress.

I am

I am fretful, peevish, and violently in the Vapours—I have absolutely been weeping.—Tears I have ever had at Command, but now they flow unbidden—Had that Creature *Obrian* compleated his Project, I might have applied to him for Assistance; but the Wretch has been obliged to delay it—no Licence to be got—sets off, however, To-morrow Morning for *Scotland*, with his Prize—What shall I do?—Ah! Lord *Darnly* below—Shall I see him?—Heavens! my Eyes are swell'd out of my Head—Yes, I will go. On a Heart like his, Tears will make more Impression than the most seducing Smiles—Pity is the Forerunner of Love, and that the gentle Youth will pity I make no no doubt.—Who knows but this Visit may answer more Purposes than one. I should have no Scruple to be under Obligations to
one

one of his generous Way of thinking—I know he will esteem the Favour his, it will strengthen our Intimacy. He will be more than ever assiduous, lest he should give me Room to think he slighted me for my Condescension.—I perfectly understand his Character—Adieu then, I hasten to pay my Respects to the lovely Youth.

In Continuation.

Brudnell, I am in Extacy!—Lord Darnly is an Angel—No more weeping and wailing—the generous Creature!—Ah! with what Delicacy, in how elegant a Manner, did he make me an Offer of his Services—Overcome with his eloquent Persuasion, I confess'd the Cause of my apparent Grief—Imprudent I acknowledged myself—Gaming was a Vice, forsooth, to which no Woman of Quality was less addicted—But

—But it was not always to be avoided, One would not chuse to be singular—I had, the preceding Evening, felt the Effects of want of Practice. I might attribute my Run of ill Luck more than any thing, to my want of Skill and Attention.—I sought only Amusement, while others were actuated by the Desire of Gain.—He commended my Sentiments, and as much condemn'd the mercenary Spirit of the last. He gently insinuated its bad Effects. The Destroyer of Beauty, he call'd it—The Banisher of Wit, and Hardener of the Heart. Where it prevailed, no Passion but Avarice found a Place—no Society, no Conversation, Friendship was forgot.—Those moral Truths came mended from his Tongue. Yet I should certainly have been tempted to yawn at the sober Lecture, from any Lips but his. He was in Extacy at my conde-

scending to become his Creditor—As I live, a Bank Note—I did not expect it these three Hours at soonest.—Charming expeditious Creature!—How his Obligingness endears him to me!—What do I see?—For three hundred Pounds, instead of the two I mention'd—Generous Wretch! my Gratitude will undo me should he take it into his Head—*Brudnell*, I find I could deny him nothing.—This is a most unlook'd for Resource—Once more, dear Hazard, as you have often done, stand my Friend. This has been a lucky Day. Now is the Time to try my Fortune—Adieu, I'm on the Wing for another Party—Pray Heaven, that eternal Winner Lady *Basett* may not be of the Sett.—My Chair waits. Your's

D. DORMER.

L E T.

LETTER XXXVI.

To JOHN BANKS, *Esq;*

CURSE on the treacherous Sex!
—Fool! Credulous blundering
Fool that I was! to trust a Woman
—I too, who had so much Reason to
know them.—I am ruined, *Jack*.
That infernal Jade, *Williamson*, has
betray'd me—Malicious Devil!—Who
could have believed, after such an ap-
parent Reconciliation, she harboured
such Malice in her Heart.—By the
Lord, I am almost distracted—She's
gone, *Jack*—Absolutely gone—all my
Hopes blasted—My fine spun Schemes
come to nothing, after all the con-
founded Expence and Trouble I have
been at.—What shall I do?—No In-
telligence to be had of their Rout.—

D 2

My

My Fellow, dreading my just Rage,
 has taken himself off too—I see nothing
 left for me but to fire the House about
 my Ears. Better burn than rot in a
 Gaol. That by the Lord, will soon
 be my Fate, if I do not recover the
 plaguy Runaway.—If I do—My
 Heart bounds at the joyous Thought—
 by my Soul, I'll take a glorious Re-
 venge—But which Way shall I steer my
 Course in Pursuit of them?—Do you
 think I shall not attempt it?—I write
 only while a Chaise is getting ready;
 and then I'll drive to the World's End,
 ere I'll return without her.—My All
 depends on the Success of this Expedi-
 tion.—O! I could blow my Brains out
 for Vexation, that ever she should have
 escaped—What are they good for,
 since they have suffered me to be thus
 outwitted, and by a Couple of Girls
 too.—D—d d—d Sex—But how did

it

it happen, you cry.—Don't ask me, Jack, I have no Patience to answer.—I was out, if you must know, gone to settle Matters for a Jaunt to *Scotland*—This cursed Matrimony is attended with as many Difficulties, as if it was to confer on one the greatest Happiness.—While I was gone—The Chaise is at the Door—No Time for farther Particulars—*Williamson* and I—no Novelty—had quarrell'd in the Morning—You may guess the rest—Adieu! 'Tis most likely they would go immediately to ***. The little Vixen would, no doubt, be in Haste to put herself under the Protection of her Friends.—Ways and Means may yet be found to get her once more into my Power; and if I do, by *Jove*—But I lose Time—Your's

G. O'BRIAN.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Mrs. PEIRCY

O *Sophia!*—O my Friend!—How shall I find Words to express my Joy! I lay down my Pen—Once more let me pour forth my Gratitude to Heaven, for my providential Escape.

I am almost wild with Transport; hardly can I compose myself enough, to give you the Particulars of this fortunate Event. O! may it be deeply engraved on my Memory! May my whole future Life be one continual Act of Thankfulness and Obedience to that gracious Heaven, who secur'd me in Distress, who guarded my defenceless Innocence from Violence, when in the Power of a Villain, who stops at nothing to gratify

tify his lawless Passions.—I check the Overflowing of my Joy, to attempt a more distinct Account of my unexpected Escape—I enclose a particular Detail of all that has happen'd to me, since the Day I was fatally betray'd into his Power; the Writing of which, employed my sadly melancholy Hours during my unhappy Confinement.—I resume my Journal.

Last Night the vile Man desired my Company in the Dining-Room. I had been, and still was greatly indisposed; but made Shift, however, to obey a Summons I durst not refuse.—He rose from his Seat on my Entrance, and attempting to take my Hand, I have at last, Madam, said he, determined, in spite of the Provocation you have given for a less favourable Treatment, to make you honourably mine. Avow-

edly inconstant as you are; perjured too, as you wish to be, little do you deserve this Generosity: But 'tis my Misfortune to love you too well. My Behaviour has given convincing Proofs, not only of the Fervour, but Purity of my Passion.—I have not attempted to abuse my Power. Hitherto you have had nothing to reproach me with.—I was determined to be silent, since I knew by Experience, how little Effect any thing I could say, would have on a Heart so obdurate as his.—He proceeded—To-morrow Morning, Madam, I propose a Journey to *Scotland*—'Tis there alone we can safely accomplish our Union. I expect a ready Compliance, and your Company there without Resistance; for believe me, struggling or Resistance will answer no Purpose, but to exasperate me. Mine you shall positively be, one Way or other—I leave it to your Choice to be honourably so, or else take the
Conse-

Consequence of your obstinate Perverseness—such generous Terms may not always be your offer—I wait for your Answer, Madam, continued he. Tell me what am I to hope for?—For nothing, cry'd I, weeping—never will I give Hopes which I mean not to fulfil—Is this your final Answer, said he, rising with a Look that terrified me—Ah! Sir, casting myself at his Feet, spare me; pity me! I know I am in your Power, but be generous—Heaven will reward your Goodness.—That I am not so clear in, said he; but you shall, which will do as well. He caught me in his Arms—Once more will you be honourably mine, cry'd he—or will you—He pressed me closer to his Breast, his Eyes sparkling with odious Passion.—I struggled to disengage myself.—Spare me! pity me! repeated I. O! Sir, harden not your

Heart against me.—I will not, said he, snatching my Hand, and putting it to his Lips. 'Tis at this Moment all Love and Softness. But if you continue to refuse my offer'd Love, I will not answer for myself.—I cannot, I never will be your's, cry'd I, but take my Life, my Fortune. Little value do I now set on either. Yet once more, said he, I warn you not to carry your unjust Obstinacy too far.—I renew my Proposal—consent—cheerfully consent, to be honourably mine, or take the Consequence. I give you till To-morrow Morning to consider of it—Prepare by that Time, either to accompany me without Resistance in my Journey, or a less honourable Fate awaits. You shall find me, Madam, a Man of my Word, tho' you have shown so little Regard even to the most sacred Oath.—I see, said I, my Tears, my Prayers, are
vain ;

vain; but I trust, Heaven will yet timely deliver me from your Power.— You upbraid me with my Breach of Faith—Ah! have you not practised a thousand Falshoods to betray me?—I look upon myself indeed, so far bound by my rash, my imprudent Engagement, as not to be at Liberty, without your Consent, to marry another.—I submit to that—But to become your Wife—Good Heavens! The Wife of one so depraved, so lost to Virtue—No, I would die first. Life is sweet, said he, with a malicious Smile. We shall see how my little Heroine will acquit herself, when put to the Trial—I go, Madam, added he, to prepare for our Expedition. I expect to find you more complying, after you have duly consider'd the Consequence of a different Conduct. So saying he left me.

You may more easily imagine than I can describe, the Misery of my Situation. I cast myself into a Chair, almost drown'd in Tears.—In a few Moments after, I was alarm'd with a violent Noise in the adjoining Room. I approach'd, in order to learn the Cause, and soon distinguish'd *Williamson's* Voice raised to an uncommon Pitch. The Captain—for I found it was to him her wrathful Reproaches were directed—answer'd with equal Bitterness, but rather in a lower Key, regarding some Decorum in his Rage—The Subject of their Quarrel I could not distinctly hear; it lasted near half an Hour. Then the Door open'd, and one of them went out; Mr. *Obrian*, as I found, for *Williamson* soon after enter'd the Dining-Room.

Little

Little expecting such a Visitor (she had never since the first two or three Days of my Confinement ventured to approach me, I peremptorily insisted that she should not—I could not bear her in my Sight, when my Senses were composed enough to feel the Horror of my Situation)—I was shock'd at her Presence—Good Heavens! What now, cry'd I, and was hurrying towards the Door.—Stay Madam, said she, I come to make all the Atonement in my Power, for the Wrongs I have done you. Hear me with Patience.—I come to deliver you from a Villain; for such—and she burst into Tears—he has proved himself to me as well as you.—But I will now be amply revenged.—Dare you trust me, Madam?—Can you forgive what's past? Free me from this hated Place, cry'd I, in a Transport

port of Joy, and I not only pardon you, but will gratefully reward the important Service.—Make your own Terms—What was to have been the Price of your Iniquity? For I cannot believe, you would serve your villainous Accomplice for nothing—Name the Sum, and depend on a more certain Payment of it from me, than ever you had Reason to expect, had your vile Scheme even proved successful.—She began to make Apology for her Conduct; laid the Blame on a Passion, which had led her on from one Vice to another; her Disposition was not naturally bad, but early had it been depraved by one, whom nothing but the Treatment she had received, and long borne from him, could have driven from her Heart—I interrupted her—Let us forget what is past, cry'd I, sincere Penitence may atone for it. There
is

is no Time to be lost.—Hasten good *Williamson*, ere your just Resentment subsides—Hasten my Deliverance, Heaven will reward the generous Deed.

To deliver you, Madam, is not enough, said she—I would make you free in all Things; your Engagement is yet in force, till I restore you the fatal Paper, the Cause of so much Mischief. I know where it is, I have a Key that will open his Desk. Depend on my Promise, Madam. I have so long been unfaithful, that you might justly doubt me; but now Revenge, if nothing else, will make me your Friend—I will immediately give Orders for our Flight, and will likewise take effectual Measures to prevent a Pursuit—There is no fear of Interruption from your Lover for some Hours. His Servant too I can dispose of.—He will have no Suspicion

picion, nor ever disputes my Orders.—
 Be under no Apprehensions then, my
 Plan is already concerted.—Yes, I will
 be revenged on the Inconstant for my
 slighted Love. He knows not what I
 am capable of. He will too late repent his
 Imprudence, when a little Dessimula-
 tion—And who so expert at Hypocrisy
 —But he depended on my Weakness—
 He shall find to his Cost, I am no lon-
 ger the fond Fool I have been.

Think what must be my Transports,
 dear *Sophia*, at this unlook'd for Event.
 In less than an Hour *Williamson* re-
 turned; deliver'd into my Hands the
 fatal Bond, which I immediately com-
 mitted to the Flames—then hastened to
 the Chaise which waited at the Door.
 Away we drove, never Creature was
 so happy as your *Henrietta*—We stopp'd
 not till we arrived at *B.* where *Williamson*
 soon

soon procured Lodgings; and here she advises me to stay some Days, as well to recover my Fatigue, and the Indisposition that still hangs upon me, as to receive an Answer from my dear Friends. I wish indeed, to clear up my [to Appearance faulty] Conduct, before we meet, that our Happiness may have no Alloy; and I agree the more readily to her Proposal, as she assures me there is almost an Impossibility of our being pursued; and if we should, this obscure Village is no likely Place to be suspected for our Asylum.

I ask'd how she could be so certain he would not pursue us. O Madam, let me alone for that, said she; I had need to have all my Wits about me, when I ventured to release you from his Power. Dreadful must have been the Consequence, had I been detected
in

in thus betraying my Trust.—I determin'd therefore, to leave as little as possible to Chance, and took proper Precautions for my Security. You know, Madam, the Captain is over Head and Ears in Debt; nothing but his expected Marriage with you, could so long have pacified his Creditors. Now I sent his own Servant with a Letter to his principal one, as well to get the Fellow out of the Way, as to secure his Master.—In the Letter I told Mr. ****, that his Marriage Scheme was intirely frustrated; that in a few Hours his noble Debtor was going, like a Man of Honour, to take himself out of the Way. I advised him therefore, to seize his Person while in his Power. If he would send proper People to watch near his Lodgings, he would be convinced this Advice came from one, who wish'd to do him

him Service.—Let me alone for Invention, continued she.—In Reality, she has a Head but too well turn'd for that.—Now, my beloved Friends, hasten, I beseech you, to take the late unhappy—but now joyful, *Henrietta*, once more under your Protection.—Experience, fatal Experience, has taught me Wisdom; never more shall you have Cause to complain of my Credulity, of my Imprudence.

I have wrote to my honour'd Father. I hope he too will be indulgent to my Faults.—I had much more to say, but must defer it till I have the eagerly wish'd for Pleasure of embracing you—Oh! with what Transport do I look forward to that happy Hour!—Perhaps my Uncle will have the Goodness to meet me here. I should be rejoiced to have him for my Guide

to

to his hospitable Mansion.—I shall begin my Journey the Moment I receive your Answer, if my Illness—but do not be alarm'd. I feel that a few Days Rest will re-establish my Health—Weary with writing I am forced to lay down my Pen.—Assure my beloved Aunt—imagine what I would say—This Faintness—I shall soon be better. Be under no Apprehensions for me—Adieu, my dear Friend. Believe me your's,

HENRIETTA.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Miss BRUDNELL.

BRUDELL, I am half distract-
ed—The most unfortunate Adventure—All my Schemes disconcerted
—The

—The Girl has made her Escape—
Obrian's ruin'd, and I shall lose my
Lover; that is to say, him I intended
for such.—Now what is to be done, if
he hears of this Event, before I can
take proper Measures; his *Dulcinea's*
Innocence clear'd up, away scampers
the Youth. Adieu to Hope, my Ri-
val triumphs, I despair and die.—Not
quite so bad as that neither, I thank
my Stars.—Wounded, but not mor-
tally; yet to give up my half com-
pleted Conquest! intolerable!—No,
I can never submit to that—But how
prevent it?—Assist me, kind Invention,
this once assist me—I have it—a little
Mischief at least, if no other Conse-
quence ensues—What a fertile Brain
is mine?—Men conquer by Force—
Women by Stratagem.—Now listen—
yet stay—my Scheme calm Medita-
tion must mature—I could only give
you

you the Out-lines at present—it must be re-touch'd, re-consider'd, before I venture to put it in Execution; till then, mum—I'll instantly about it—Fortunately Mr. Groves left London last Week, that's one Obstacle removed; my dear Darnly, in a few Days determined to put his romantic sober Scheme in Execution. That must be prevented—it positively must—But how?—I have not an Instant to lose.—I think—no, 'tis impossible the Boobies should yet have heard of her Escape, since *Obrian*, who would doubtless give me the earliest Intelligence, wrote to me only this Morning—My Lord then will be still longer than them, before he hears the News, since he can only learn it from that Family—I must be speedy in my Motions—Adieu, *Brudnell*, I go to study my Lesson; then dispatch a Summons for the
Youth

Youth—wish me Success—I know you love Mischief.

Your's

D. D.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Miss BRUDNELL.

A Joyous Scheme! *Brudnell*—Only a Trip to *Scotland*; don't be startled, Child, no Matrimony in the Case—But let me explain—tho' who—I must stop to remark—would believe the volatile Coquette, affected Lady *Die*, had such a Head for Stratagem. I that, to Appearance, never thought in my Life.—There is no Character so commodious as this I assume. O! a Woman of Sense and Spirit will know how to accommodate herself to every Taste.

Taste.—In public, I am lively, heedless, and dissipated—but Lord *Darnly*, for Example, tender, sentimental, grave, talks feelingly of Friendship, Sincerity, and all the old fashion'd Virtues the dear Creature is so fond of. No other Way to gain his Esteem. You cannot imagine how high I am in his good Graces.—Love, however—but Time and Perseverance—Now to my Scheme.

I sent for him, he came; intended himself the Pleasure of seeing me in the Evening, had I not honour'd him with a Summons to take Leave of me forsooth, before he went into the Country; his valued Friend, Mr. *Groves*, was in a few Days to join him at his Country-Seat. It wanted some Alterations and Repairs; he was going to endeavour to dispel his Melancholy,

lancholy, by attempting some Improvements both in it and his Estate. —He sigh'd, alas! Madam, what Remedy can I apply to a Grief so deeply rooted in my Heart? Pardon me, but you have given me a thousand Proofs of your generous Compassion. I am indeed greatly to be pitied. Believe me, parting with your Ladyship—So, you are going my Lord, interrupted I, with a Face full of important Gravity, I need not then explain my Motives for requesting the Favour of your Company. I had Hopes, from the Knowledge of your Disposition, that you would have assisted me—But 'tis no Matter, since you are determined on your Journey—I paused.—However determined I might be, Madam, said he, if my Presence can be of the least Service to you, if as you hint, there is any thing I can assist you in,

command me to the utmost of my Power.—No, my Lord, I should be sorry to detain you—on my own Account I certainly would not; and perhaps the poor Unfortunate, for whom I wish'd to procure your Friendship, has too greatly offended to hope for that Favour. I sigh'd. — Good Heavens! cry'd he, what can you mean? — Who is this poor Unfortunate? my Soul is in Torments—Is it possible?—But no, I dare not think of that.—If I may judge by those violent Emotions, said I, you partly guess for whom I would plead—Yes, my Lord, the unhappy *Henrietta*—*Henrietta!* exclaim'd he, and turn'd as pale as Death—She is severely punish'd for her imprudent Choice, resumed I, her unworthy Husband—Is she then married? cry'd he, striking his Breast, yet how could I doubt it?

it?—Proceed, Madam, I will endeavour to be patient; ah! she was but little worthy of this too constant Heart. But she is unhappy, you say, O! let me fly to her Relief—There is no Time to be lost, my Lord, permit me without farther Interruption to proceed in my Story.—I, last Night, to my infinite Surprise, received a Letter from that young Lady—I had contracted an Intimacy with her, as I before told your Lordship, while on a Visit to my Cousin, a Friendship I might more justly call it.—This, till Love misled her Judgment, she could not fail to inspire in every one who had the Pleasure of her Acquaintance.—Ah! Madam, cry'd he, sighing, she was indeed most lovely, and worthy to be beloved.—Again, my Lord!—He bowed. Pardon me, Madam, I am all Attention.—Here is a Letter, re-

sumed I, taking one from my Pocket-Book I had got wrote for the Occasion. I will read you what is necessary you should hear of it—I did so with a Woe-be-gone Face and Accent.

This was the Purport of what I communicated to him—That Captain *Obrian*, after getting her Fortune into his Power, had cruelly left her in a Place where she was a Stranger—that Place *Scotland*; that she was in the utmost Distress, in Debt to the People where she lodg'd; not one Friend to whom she could apply for Relief; afraid to inform her justly incensed Relations of her unhappy Situation; no Means of returning to *London*; the People clamorous for their Money; deserted by all the World, Necessity compelled her to have Resource to my Ladyship—whose known Generosity—
Hem

Hem—would I but have the Goodness to take her under my Protection, till she could find Means to obtain her Father's Pity and Forgiveness.—If that could not be effected, yet she had some Hopes from the Affection her Uncle and Aunt had ever entertain'd for her; were but her present Difficulties removed, she besought my Compassion; her Debts were considerable; her cruel Husband, doubtless, left them unpaid, on Purpose to prevent her following him. But if I would have the Goodness to discharge them, if he had not left the Kingdom, he might be compelled to repay them; if not, her Relations would doubtless, for their own Honour, discharge the Obligation.—The People where she was, could not, she added, have detained her, if her worthless Husband had not with unparalleled Barbarity,

denied their Marriage. *Williamson*, her only Witness, was gone off. He had left her no Means to prove that she was his Wife. In spite of all she could say, nobody would give credit to her Assertion; she did not so much as know the Name of the Minister who perform'd the sacred Ceremony—Thus, continues she, am I deserted by the Man, for whose Sake I broke through so many endearing Ties—Thus is my Love rewarded; but I deserve it, and dutiful as I have been, Heaven abandons me. I have no Right to complain. My Reputation is blasted—O! that Death would free me from this World of Misery!—I paused—for his Lordship's Transports were so violent, that I was absolutely terrified, and obliged to use my utmost Endeavours to calm his agitated Mind.

When

When I had with Difficulty sooth'd him into some Degree of Composure—Now my Lord, said I, what is to be done? Far be it from me to deny her my Protection. Happy do I think myself, that it is in my Power to relieve her Distress; be her faulty Conduct forgot—but then her Debts—you know, Sir—Ah! I blush while I recollect your Generosity—In the present Situation of my Affairs, I fear—Leave that to me, Madam, interrupted he, with Eagerness—my Life, my Fortune, all I have, shall be at her Disposal.—Let us fly to her Relief this Moment—Ah! my *Henrietta*!—He turn'd from me to hide his Emotions—I have been thinking, my Lord, resumed I, that it will be necessary for me to take a Journey to *Scotland*—If you only go, she may

have some Scruples.—Indeed, it would not have so prudent an Appearance in the Eyes of the World, did she put herself under your Protection—Suppose then I set off To-morrow Morning, in order to conduct her to my House—But then her Debts—He turn'd to me, and taking my Hand with an Air of Tendernefs, generous Woman! cry'd he—go, Madam, relieve y your Goodness, by your Presence, the poor Unfortunate. If it is not proper for me to accompany you—I can follow, or go a few Hours before you. This Journey undertaken from such noble Motives, must not, shall not—Forgive me, Madam—only honour her with your Protection, leave every Thing else to my Management—I understand you, my Lord, I admire your Delicacy. Would I had
more

more in my Power—I am already indebted to you—I shall look upon your engaging in this Affair, tho' in another's Cause, to be a fresh Obligation—No more, Madam, spare me, cry'd he. Let us rather hasten our Departure—I must immediately write to Mr. *Groves*—Better do it now, my Lord, said I. I'll order Materials—bowed. — When he had finish'd his Epistle, he presented it to me—Will this do Madam? I am in such Agitation, hardly do I know what I have written. I took it—These were the Contents.

“ *My dear Friend,*

Business of Importance will deprive me for some Time of the Pleasure I promised myself from your expected Visit at—I am obliged to go into another Part of the Country. I know not

how long I shall be absent. I will let you know when I return to Town, and shall then expect the Happiness of seeing you.—As I can give you no positive Direction where to send your Letters, I must deny myself the Pleasure of hearing from you till I come back—Adieu, my ever valued Friend. Believe me

Your grateful and obliged

DARNLY."

I returned it to him—In regard to this Journey, said I, To-morrow I shall begin mine: Sooner I cannot. As for your Lordship, upon my Word I see no great Impropriety in your accompanying me—'Tis what I ardently wish, cry'd he, let us no longer deliberate. Oh! this is an Affair too deeply interesting to regard needless Punctilioes

But

But I leave every thing to you, Madam. My Heart is distress'd. You have a Direction to my poor *Henrietta*. Did she inform you of the People's Name?—I told him she had.

Now you are all Amazement!—What, in the Name of wonder, can you propose by this notable Scheme, asks your Ladyship?—Why this, my Dear—You *Brudnell*, are immediately on our Departure, to put the following Paragraph in the Papers—*Yesterday went off for Scotland, the Right Honourable Lord Darnly and Lady Diana Dormer, &c. &c.* Don't you see the Consequence of this Report?—But what Excuse do you intend to make for having deceived his Lordship into this Journey?—What a strange Question! Why Child, cannot I be amazingly surpris'd?—Cannot I produce the Let-

ter?—None of my writing, you may be sure.—He knows her Hand. The Forgery is visible. But for what Purpose could it be wrote?—Nay, who can tell?—Captain *Obrian*, whom I immediately suspect, had his Reasons, no doubt. His artful Character is sufficiently established.

My Lord will easily be persuaded he is the Author—How should he suspect *my* having any Hand in it?—What end could it answer?—I puzzle my Brain, to unravel the Mystery.—He raves, threatens Vengeance against the Villain—I form a thousand Conjectures—Recollect all the Circumstances of her Adventure, from her first going off with him—Then pause a few Moments, as if lost in Thought—At last—I'll lay my Life, I have hit upon the Wretch's Motive for this extraordinary Proceeding,

ceeding, cries my Ladyship—You know, my Lord, how artfully he imposed both on you and me, in regard to his dying Uncle—The Stratagem he made use of to see his Mistress at ***, with a thousand other little Circumstances, which I never before sufficiently examined—These, now I seriously attend to them, give me the utmost Reason to think, that she did not go voluntarily off with him. Indeed, I could hardly from the first give credit to it. If she did, she must be the most compleat Dissembler I ever heard of. It can hardly be imagined, that one of her Youth and Inexperience could be capable of so much Art.—He, on the contrary, is noted for it—A Man of Intrigue; a Plotter is a Character he has often boasted of.—If he trepann'd her into his Power, then may we not justly suppose she would make some Resistance;

ance, refuse to become his Wife—Perhaps, my Lord, her love to you—(that was no Secret)—might make her the more refractory.—Why then may we not suppose, he would use every Means to destroy her favourable Sentiments of you?—He might represent our Intimacy to your Disadvantage—This did not, I suppose, answer his Purpose; but a Journey to *Scotland*, like this he has betray'd us into, will have such an Appearance, by the Turn he may give it, that she will no longer doubt your Lordship's Inconstancy.—This is the only Way I can account for his villainous Scheme, the only Motive I see probable for his writing this extraordinary Letter.

In this Manner I shall run on: My Lord, judging of others by himself; he is credulous because sincere—The
Para-

Paragraph in the Papers will corroborate what I advance.—In short, let me alone to extricate myself from the Scrape.—Mean Time the honest Sir Roger, a violent Politician—He perfectly devours the News Papers—We will suppose the sober Family assembled—the female Part—quiet Souls!—busy with their needles—The jolly Knight, takes his Spectacles, clears his Voice, and begins—hobbles through the political Part—Turns over—Yesterday—Half read, half spell—goes on his Worship—Was mar-mar-ried—The Right Honourable, &c.—Off go the Spectacles, up starts Dame *Bountiful*—Down sinks Miss *Henny*.—Ha! ha! ha!

The second Act of this Comedy begins on our Return to Town—My numerous Acquaintance croud to pay their congratulatory Visits—I am all Confusion—too late repent my imprudent

dent—But who would have dreamt of such Consequences, from my innocent well meant Jaunt?—I am embarrass'd—know not how to act.—If I deny my Marriage, then my Reputation suffers.—Yet to acknowledge it—Impossible—I ask his Lordship's Advice—He is all Confusion—distress'd at the unfortunate Adventure—Would do any thing to save from Censure, one he so highly esteem'd.—But then his *Henrietta*—a few of his usual Hints, I doubt not about his refractory Heart—In short, *Brudnell*, he will be so entangled, so divided between Love and Honour, that who knows what may be the Consequence?—Especially as he can have no Hopes of his little Rustic—But should he disappoint my Expectations, then dear Revenge takes place.—If he will not be mine, he shall not at least be me Rival's, except my Wit and Contrivance desert me.

Suppose .

Suppose he only storms, and threatens Vengeance against poor *Obrian*, whom he endeavours to find out, in order to effect it—I appear to join in his Resentment; succeed better in my Enquiries—am inform'd he is gone for *France*; the Lady still, in Spite of all his Threats, refusing to be his Wife, but finds no Means, as she has often attempted, to escape from his Power. The Clamour of his Creditors obliged him to leave *England*.—But will it not be ask'd, where I learnt all this—From his Servant, who, in Revenge for his Master's ill Treatment, reveal'd the whole Affair to me—All this might easily be managed. The Fellow, who constantly brings me Letters from *George*, may be bribed to give this Evidence.—I have no doubt of securing him in my Interest—But the Plot is
not

not yet properly concerted; nor indeed, may I ever have Occasion to put it in practice.—It is only in Case of Necessity.—The *Groves's* are not likely, after such a Breach of Friendship in his Lordship, as marrying without their Knowledge or Advice, to write to him—That would be too great a Condescension—*he* perhaps may. But there is such a Thing as a Letter miscarrying—Let me alone for Invention—Adieu, Child. I have a thousand Things to order in regard to my Journey.—Do you not long to hear the Issue of this extraordinary Adventure?—You shall my Dear, all in good Time—Your's,

DIANA D.

L E T-

LETTER XL.

To JOHN BANKS, *Esq*;

I have run my Race, *Jack*—Reached
—not the Goal, but Gaol—Here
am I in melancholy Durance.—O for
a Curse to kill that infernal *Williamson*.
—She not only robbed me of my dear
bought Prize; but like a true Woman,
who knows no Medium in her Resent-
ment, betray'd me to my Creditors.—
I was arrested in stepping into the
Chaise, which instead of my proposed
Jaunt after them, carried to me this
Dungeon of Misery and Wretchedness.
—How I raved and storm'd!—But there
was no Remedy. I wrote immediately
to Lady *Die*—no Answer. She's like
the rest of her d—d Sex—O if ever
I get

I get loose again!—No great Hopes of that at present, however—My Commission is going to the Devil—that is, in other Words, to my confounded Creditors.—Plaguily down in the Mouth, *Jack*—No Resource but the Highway (were I out of this Hole) or a convenient Implement to dispatch myself—Hang it, there is something cowardly in the last—No, I will commence Philosopher. Comfortable Leisure for Study and Meditation—All my Consolation is, it can never be worse with me, happen what will—Could I but once more regain my Freedom!—the Devil's in it, if a Fellow of my Spirit need be at a Loss in the wide World—How many Knights of Industry make a shining Figure, merely by the Force of Genius!—Dear Liberty! Grant me but that, ye Gods! and I defy Fortune and all her Frowns—
Surely

Surely those plodding Rascals will be satisfied with the Sale of my Commission.—A Man can do no more than he can—O! here come's *Frank Kennedy*, he is to be the Purchaser.—Farewel, *Jack*. Write to me, tell me what's going forward in the World—Have you heard any thing of my plaguy Run-away?—You know where to direct your Letter.—A reputable Lodging mine!—No Danger of my being from Home, should you take it into your Head to pay me a Visit—Heigh, ho!—Hang Sorrow—I'll drown it in Wine. Reflection is the Devil—Adieu, now for Business. Your's in all Fortunes,

G. OBRIAN.

L E T.

LETTER XLI.

To Mrs. PEIRCY.

A Las! *Sophia*, what have I done
to be thus mark'd out for Misery!
—No sooner escaped from one dreadful
Misfortune, than another, if possible
still more affecting, overwhelms
me. Hardly had I Leisure to enjoy
the returning Tenderness of my Friends,
to rejoice in their Forgiveness, in their
kind Congratulations for my Escape,
when a new Calamity plunges me once
more into Misery—need I tell my Friend
the fatal Cause?—It can be no Secret
—'tis publicly known—Lord *Darn-ly*—O my Heart!—Are then my flatter-
ing Hopes for ever blasted?—Those
dear Hopes, for which alone I wish'd
to

to live—Why did you, by your too flattering Predictions, cherish my Passion for that most amiable of Men!—Alas, all my partial Friends encouraged me to look forward to what is now impossible—This then was his important Business—You remember the Letter my Uncle received from him, which prevented his informing him of my Return.—What need of that Excuse?—Was he not at Liberty to follow his Inclinations? Nobody had a right to controul him—yet surely, my Uncle might have expected, from his Gratitude at least, to have been inform'd of his Intentions—Lady *Die* too! of all the Women in the World!—Ah! his Sentiments must be greatly alter'd from what they were in those happy Days—let me not look back—I dare not think!

One Thing my Friend, before I force myself to drop this melancholy Subject—Let not my Uncle write to him.—Some inadvertent Expression—Ah! let him not have Reason to suspect I regret his Inconstancy.—But surely, that injured Friend would not condescend—yet far be it from me to excite his Resentment.—Perhaps he did not himself approve a Passion, which yet he could not conquer—The Character of my happy Rival, if what *Williamson* says of her is true—But I check my Pen—'Tis not for me to censure—she is his Bride, *Sophia*—Is not that a sufficient Title to Respect.—I mention'd *Williamson*, I wish'd to talk to you of her, but my Mind is in such Distress—If ever there was a true Penitent, surely she is one. With the Money, which she justly merited for the important

portant Service she did me, she is settled in a neat Retirement; and, as I am inform'd, leads the most exemplary Life. May Heaven confirm her Return to Virtue!—I shall visit the poor Woman, when—ah! my Friend, when shall I again be fit for any Thing?

My Father is greatly incensed against Lord *Darnly*—I dread a fresh Persecution—There is a Gentleman, *Sophia*, who too frequently visits here, and is already a declared Favourite of my Father's—his Person and Fortune unexceptionable. But can I ever patiently listen to the Addresses of that deceitful Sex?—O! that I might be permitted to live single, that is now my only Wish.—What have I not already suffered on their Account? nay, what do I not still suffer?—But Time may restore my long lost Peace.—Let me not however,

be urged to what I never can consent.—Alarming Thought!—yet my Father begins to talk of my Reputation, injured as he says, by my late fatal Adventure—I too well understand those Hints, and look forward to new Misfortunes—Intercede for me, *Sophia*; pity me, my Friends.—Am I never to be at Peace? Why was I not permitted to remain with you?—your kind Sympathy would have consoled me. I have now no Person, to whom I can unburthen my Heart; I dare not utter a Complaint before my Father.—It is to one of my own Sex only I can, without Reserve, pour forth my Grief.—I may write, 'tis true—but what is that to your dear Society, and that of my ever amiable Aunt? 'Tis impossible to give you an Idea of the melancholy Way I am in. I cannot bear my own Reflections, yet have I nothing to divert

vert them. Restless every where, Company is irksome to me.—Ah! this Company is not such, as I have for some Time past been accustomed too—I fly to Solitude, preferable to noisy senseless Mirth—The Woods and Groves are Witness to my unavailing Sorrow. There I indulge it without Restraint—I dwell on former Scenes; and by comparing them with the present, add to my Woe—But why should I give you Pain? Adieu, my Friend, I have said too much—I ought to have had more Regard for your gentle Nature. I fear this sad Epistle will affect you.—My best Wishes attend you, and your ever amiable *Harry*. Deliver the inclosed to my dear Aunt. Once more adieu—Pity, and continue to love your unfortunate

HENRIETTA;

F 2

L E T.

LETTER XLII.

. To HENRIETTA.

BE under no Apprehension, my beloved Niece. There is little Danger of my writing to the ungrateful Lord *Darnly*.—If I had, you might have depended on my Delicacy.—No, *Henrietta*, never shall he know, that you regret the Loss of one, who has proved himself so unworthy of your Heart. Good Heavens! how his Behaviour astonishes me!—Could I have expected this Treatment from him! from one I have ever regarded as my Son!—What would have been the Grief of his valued Father, had he lived to be witness to his Conduct!—Ill-fated Youth! too late will he repent

pent his imprudent Choice.—I was, when in Town, alarm'd at his Intimacy with that artful Woman, but little dream'd of the Consequence it has produced.—I condemn myself for a too scrupulous Fear of censuring. I have ever abhorred Detraction. Let a Person's Faults be what they will, we have no Right to expose them.—But in this Case—yet I had no Suspicion of what has happen'd—Let's talk no more of him.

Do not be too much alarm'd, my dear *Henrietta*. I own your Father has wrote to me about Sir *James Walton*, but if I have any Influence, every Thing shall be left to your Duty and Discretion—'Tis true, if he is the worthy Man your Father describes him, all your Friends would rejoice at an Event, which however, we shall only

wish for, without laying any Restraint on your Inclinations. But, after such an Adventure as you have met with, we must naturally be anxious to see you united to some amiable Man, who may protect you from the like Dangers.—Forgive me, dear *Henny*, this at present will, I fear, prove an unwelcome Subject to you. But my Anxiety for your Happiness—Believe me, nothing but the truest Regard for that dictates what I write—I will, however, say no more on that Head, till from personal Acquaintance I am better able to form a Judgment of the Man I would recommend to your Favour. I hope to be with you in a few Days. Mrs. *Peircy* is very desirous to accompany me, but the Journey is judged improper in her present Condition. By some Hints that were dropped, I fear you are relapsing into that Melancholy,
from

from which you was lately, with so much Difficulty, recover'd.—Let me intreat you, my beloved Niece, not to give Way to it—Exert yourself; reflect how unworthy he has proved himself of the Esteem of us all; 'tis not only his Inconstancy, that might have been pardon'd, considering the little Prospect there was of your ever being restored to him, but his Ingratitude to me, that worst of all Vices—I have not Patience to think of him.—Ah! how weak is it to build on future Scenes of Happiness, hardly are we certain of the present Hour—My Sister ardently wishes to have you with us again. If I find it agreeable to you, I shall certainly propose it to Sir Roger.—'Tis impossible to express how dear you are to us all.—Nothing in our Power shall be omitted, that may be likely to conduce to your Felicity. Depend on my

warmest Friendship; for I am, my
 dear Niece, your truly affectionate

CHARLES GROVES.

LETTER XLIII.

To Miss BRUDNELL.

THERE never was a more truly ridiculous Scene, than that which past between my Swain and me, when we arrived at the End of our curious Journey—I could hardly keep my Countenance, while he sweet Soul laid the Matter to Heart, as a mighty sober Affair—I reason'd—he raved—gloriously raved.—My notable Suppositions, however, in regard to *Obrian*, had the desired Effect.—How I love the dear Credulous!—He vows Vengeance, while I am all Sorrow for the imprudent Step I have so rashly taken,

now

now the Report of our Marriage has shewn the fatal Consequences of it— In what Manner shall I vindicate my Reputation?—He is all Sorrow and Contrition—knows not how to act.— We return'd to Town last Night—O! *Brudnell*, it was a most joyously sober Jaunt.—How I enjoy'd the charming Fellow's Embarrassment!—My affected Grief seem'd to make a proper Impression; his Behaviour was uncommonly tender. Could it be otherwise? His Heart must have been Adamant, to be for so many Days in Company with a fine Woman, had he remain'd insensible to her Charms and Allurements.

O! I make no doubt of carrying my Point. Perhaps, *Brudnell*, you do not clearly see what that is. Why really, Child, it is hardly yet positive-

ly determined. My first View, was only to make a little dear Mischief between him and my Rival; but now I have reason'd with myself *pro* and *con*, to wed or not to wed, was the Question; and would you believe it, I am now absolutely determined for the former; all Things considered, it will be much the most prudent Scheme; my Affairs are, as you know, in most agreeable Confusion. This Estate has its Temptations, and then the dear Creature himself is positively so very much the Thing, that in short, *Brudnell*, Matrimony is the Word.—Gallantry the charming Wretch has no Idea of; there is no curing him of his incommodious Respect. He is so modest, so unassuming! yet I have favour'd him with some pretty encouraging Hints too; but handsome as he is, it never once entered his Head, that

that he had gain'd so important a Conquest as my Ladyship.

Heavens! *Brudnell*, I had almost forgot to tell you, how he last Night alarm'd me, by telling me he propos'd writing to Mr. *Groves* the Moment he got Home. I foresaw he would write, but then, to be so very violent in his Motions—after a Moment's Pause—It is very proper you should vindicate your seemingly ungrateful Conduct to that Gentleman, said I; but as I have been concern'd in this disagreeable Affair, you will be obliged to mention me in your Letter; it is a delicate Point, my Lord, I should wish to have Leisure for a little Reflection before you do it—at least, if it is not too great a Favour, I should be glad to see the Contents.—By all Means,

cry'd he, it shall, if you will give me Leave, be wrote in your Presence;—this was all I aim'd at, for then, you know, one of my Servants may—only by way of saving his the Trouble—carry the said Billet-doux to the Post.

Now I talk of Servants, honest *Tom*, late Valet to poor *George*, has been here several Times during my Absence; came to wait on my Ladyship, in hopes I would speak a good Word for him to his Master, whom he has never seen since the Flight of the fair *Dulcinea*.—The Truth is, my noble Captain is pretty deep in Arrears to him for Wages, which without my Interest, he does not clearly see how he is to be paid—Alas! poor *Tom*; there is now but little Hope from that
Quarter

Quarter—but he may be satisfied I will soon procure him a better Service, for he may be infinitely serviceable to me:—I have sent for him, and make no doubt of successfully recommending him to Lord *Darnly*.—The Fellow has a quick Apprehension, a commodious Conscience, &c. —Let me alone to find Employment for those good Qualities.

One Word of *Obrian*—No, I have not a Moment to spare—I expect my charming *Darnly* every Instant—But I inclose his Letter—Poor *George*! I pity him, and when I have more Leisure, will answer it, and think of some Means to free him from his horrible Confinement. That he is confined at present may, however, be of Advantage to my Scheme—Adieu! the dear Creature

134 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Creature is below.—Now if he does not—but I must attend him. You shall know the Result of our Conference.

Your's,

DIE D——

LETTER XLIV.

To Miss BRUDNELL.

THE charming Fellow wrote to Mr. *Groves*, a full and particular Account of our Expedition, &c. The Letter is—safely lock'd up in my Cabinet, where, by *Tom's* Means, I hope to deposit any he may hereafter write to that Quarter—The Billet-doux Affair settled, I asked, with one of my grave Faces, if he had not contradicted the ridiculous Report of our Marriage

riage—He blushed—I am distress'd, Madam, how would you advise me to—Ask not my Advice, interrupted I, with Warmth—Your Honour, my Lord, your Generosity, will best instruct you how to act.—I stopp'd, and affected to blush in my Turn.—He was silent, and look'd charmingly silly.—It was an unfortunate Adventure for me, resumed I, I know not how to appear in Public, after so strange an Appearance as our Journey must have had in the Eyes of the World. Compassion so wholly engross'd me at the Time I consented to it, that I never once reflected on the Consequence.—Heavens! added I, where was my Prudence, to take such a Jaunt with a gay young Man like your Lordship!—But who would have thought it would have been so publicly known?—A Lady's Reputation
is

is so easily wounded. — Rather than your's should suffer, cry'd he with Fervour, I would sacrifice my Life in its Defence.—I have no doubt of your Generosity, my Lord, but many Lives might be sacrificed in such a Cause to little Purpose.—People are not to be compelled to think justly, they will ever judge from Appearances. —What then is to be done, said he, sighing—had I a Heart— forgive me, Madam—(how mine flutter'd, *Brudnell*) I dare not enter on this Subject. I am not worthy to aspire—he paused —Provoking Diffidence, thought I— I was forced to help him out.—A Widow, you know—there are a thousand Advantages attending that State. —Proceed my Lord, said I.—To what dare you not aspire? It must be something very extraordinary indeed, if Merit like your's—I stopp'd, blush'd,

cast down my Eyes, and with the most agreeable Confusion you can imagine, play'd with my Fan.—Don't you admire our pretty Breaks and Pauses? there is something amazingly eloquent in them—He arose, walk'd two or three Turns cross the Room, his Emotions visibly painted on his expressive Countenance—irresolute on what to determine; at last he approach'd, and taking my Hand with an Air rather respectful than tender—Wretch as he is—Pardon this strange Behaviour, Madam; I have said too much, not to say more—permit me to explain myself—I depend on your Goodness—my Sincerity may offend—but I have not learnt the Art to disguise my Sentiments.—A bad Preface, my Lord, interrupted I, smiling, I guess by it what you are going to say—but I won't hear you.—Do you think

think I have no Vanity, no Jealousy, I had almost added—Another sudden Stop, with a side Glance, a smother'd Sigh, and a third Blush, attempted it at last.

He had just open'd his charming Mouth, prefacing his intended Speech with a soft Sigh, when at that critical Moment my blundering Fellows—I had forgot to give Orders to be denied—let in an Inundation of impertinent Visitors.—Unseasonable as I at first thought their Intrusion, it perhaps forwarded my Scheme as much as any Thing I could have said in our *tete à tete*.

Lady Crofts was the first that enter'd. I give you Joy, my Dear, I was determin'd to surprise you; and, upon my Word, we find you engaged in

in a most extraordinary *tete à tete*; unfashionable Creature that you are! —But these are the halcyon Days of Matrimony, in Consideration of that I excuse you.

She was interrupted by Miss *Bloomer*. Upon my Word, Lady *Die*, you have most unexpectedly stole a Marriage. Was it well done to be so reserved to your Friends?—You handsome Widows, rob us poor Spinsters of all the pretty Fellows. We expected, my Lord, turning to him with a Smile, that you would have honour'd us with a little Flirtation, before you commenced that domestic Being a Husband. You had but just made your Appearance amongst us. This flying Marriage of your's, will prove a great Mortification to two or three fair Females, who had determined to make a Conquest

Conquest of your Heart—Your pleading the Charms of your lovely Spouse here, will be but an unpalatable Excuse to them, I can tell you.

How the dear Wretch look'd, and how I enjoy'd his Confusion—He bow'd to her Compliment—stammer'd out an incoherent Answer—Lady Crofts burst into a loud Laugh; your Fetters my Lord, cry'd she, seem to sit a little awkward on you; even your Tongue has lost its usual Freedom of Expression; and the gay, the lively *Diana* too, is silent. One would think the filken Bond should sit more easy on your Ladyship, since 'tis not the first Time you have worn it. But no wonder your Spirits flag thus, coop'd up like a Pair of Turtles, Billing and Cooing—Commend me to *****; who, like you, took a Trip
to

to *Scotland*, ready to kill each other with Kindness all the Way there; where they were yoked, quarrelled, came back in separate Chaises, have never seen each other from that Day to this.—There was some Variety in their Jaunt. But your's—for Heaven's Sake, come amongst us again, or we shall have you dying with the Vapours.

In this Manner ran they on—I found some Difficulty to squeeze in a Word, at last I seized a favourable Pause. — You are extreamly witty, Ladies. I am not in a Humour to retort your Raillery, Matrimony is too serious a Subject for it. — My Stars! interrupted Miss *Bloomer*, laughing, what a Change! I know not whether Matrimony be a serious Subject or not, but I am sure it has produced

duced serious Effects.—Why, Child, I should hardly know you again; you seem not only to have changed your Name but your Nature—I have done neither, said I—Your suspecting the first, without the least Foundation, is the Cause of my Gravity; so pray acquit poor Matrimony.—Unseasonable, ridiculous Affectation!—exclaimed Lady Crofts smiling, and tapping my Cheek in her free Way, I won't forgive this pretty Reserve. In a Girl of fifteen, indeed it might be excusable. But you are offended at our premature Visit, I'll warrant—wanted to be seen in State, with all the dear Parade of bridal Finery—Never fear, Child, we'll come again, when you sit in Form to be publicly gazed at. When—You are the strangest Creature, interrupted I, with affected Peevishness. Am I to be believed? I tell you once

more there is no Marriage in the Case—No, no, no, cry'd she, you are not to be believed.—Ask my Lord then, said I, he will confirm what I say—Speak, Sir.

He look'd at me, as if to learn from my Eyes what Answer to make—It must be own'd, the Question was rather embarrassing—His Lordship, said Miss *Bloomer*, before he had Time to answer, has made you some pretty Promises, but that of supporting you in a Falshood was not of the Number; yet I see he hardly knows how to contradict you neither, your Reign is not yet expired. The Wife, poor Soul! vows Obedience for Life, in Consideration of which the generous Husband, generally flings up the first Month, and, in that Time, as the wiser Vessel, teaches the weaker, by giving up his
own

own Will to her's; what he expects from her ever after, till Death do them part. We should not, therefore, my Lord, were you, like your fair Helpmate, to deny the joyous Engagement you have enter'd into, pay any great Deference to your Word at present—A few Months hence indeed, should your Lady take it into her Head—

I must interrupt you, Madam, said he—Marriage has so long been the Butt of Ridicule, that it leaves you no Room to display your Wit, since it is scarce possible to say any Thing new on the Subject; besides, I should imagine a young unmarried Lady, would esteem it bad Policy to strengthen, by her Raillery, our Dislike to what is already but too much out of Fashion.—You have been very lively, Madam,

dam, about first Months; but had I the Honour to be united to an amiable Woman, to this Lady for Example, whom you are pleased to suppose mine, I would convince you by my Behaviour, that every succeeding one of her Life, would rather endear than estrange her from my Heart. I am not however, permitted the enviable Felicity to call her mine. I know you are not, cry'd Lady *Crofts* laughing, she forbid you to do so; but we are not under the same Restraint, and must and will call her your's.

He arose, and respectfully taking my Hand—if an Explanation will not satisfy those Ladies—he paused—then resumed in a lower Voice, this is no Time to inform you of my Intentions, nor to be favour'd with your Advice—I leave you Madam, for a few Days

—when I return.—When you return, my Lord, interrupted I—ah! do not leave me at such a Time as this. I look'd tenderly on him.—He appear'd affected — I'll see your Ladyship again in the Evening, said he.—If you fail, my Lord—I give you my Honour I will not—all this was in a kind of Whisper. He made an Apology for it to the Ladies, then gracefully bowing left the Room.

Brudnell, I am dying for his Return. I write to kill the tedious intervening Hours—Ages they appear to me—I look at my Watch every Moment—Heavens! 'tis past his usual Hour. What on Earth detains him! Ought any Thing to keep him from those wishing Eyes, that have so often fondly gazed on his?—Ah! my dear Girl, I never loved till now; perhaps, because
I never

I never before found any Difficulty to conquer.—I am more than ever determined not to yield him to my Rival—You can have no Idea what a charming Fellow it is; so sensible, so sweetly engaging his every Action—But what can he be about all this while. My Fancy is on the Wing.—Shall I attempt his Picture to amuse myself, till the dear Original with superior Grace makes his Appearance.—I must talk of him, and him only.—I know the stupid Country, and a half-sated yawning Lover, will afford you Leisure enough to read the enormous Packets I am continually sending you. Were you in Town indeed, I would have a little more Consideration, than to attempt engrossing so much of your precious Time.—Another Look at my Watch—Dilatory Wretch! I find I shall be violently angry with him—

But his Picture, you cry—Upon second Thoughts, I dare not attempt it, for he is more than Painting can express—Tall, elegant, blooming, graceful, lovely, animated, tender, insinuating.—His charming Voice, which goes thrilling to the Heart, would of itself, did he direct his Eloquence that Way, seduce half the Women in *England*.—Then his inimitably pretty Mouth, Ivory Teeth, and enchanting Smiles—Hush, I think I hear a Noise—O, no—I expire with Vexation. There is no bearing this tedious Sufpence.—Heavens! I have fretted myself pale—look horridly ill—I'll write no more. If he does not come within this half Hour, I shall go distracted.—Adieu.

DIANA D—

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LETTER XLV.

To JOHN BANKS, *Esq;*

WITH all the Blessings of my favourite Toast, that is to say, Health of Body, Peace of Mind, a clean Shirt, and a Guinea, I have at last escaped from my Prison, lively as a Bird from its Cage.—The World is all before me, where to chuse—Wonder not at this fine Quotation, *Jack*; remember what comfortable Leisure I have had for Study.—But Books alone did not engross my Attention—Scheming future Plans of Life had their Share. Hitherto I have lived Extempore—but now—what now!—Why, Faith that's not quite so clear—Thus far, however, I have proceeded at

Random.—Take a full and particular Account of my Expedition to ***—To ***! you cry.—Yes, *Jack*, here I am once more—O! by the bye, what think you of the Marriage of my fair Jilt? Have I not a Right to make Repairs? would to Fortune it were in my Power!—Now to my narrative Journal, or what you will.

This Day Se'nnight my Affairs were settled; and I became a free Man in every Sense of the Word; free from Riches, consequently free from Care; free from Prison, free from Sorrow, attended by a Tribe of Rascals, who had drain'd my Pocket of every Doit, but one poor solitary Guinea, that like a true Friend, if such a Thing there be—Pardon me, *Jack*—stuck to me in Adversity. Money, *Jack*, Money, of all the Friends in Court, City,
or

or Country, commend me to Money—Ye Gods! can he who Riches has, ere know—any Misfortune! In short—with those said Rascals, I adjourn'd to a Tavern—drank a Glass or two, and sent for a Friseur. I had never seen myself since my horrid Confinement—found myself a Devil of a Figure—I, who used to be the very Standard of Dress and Elegance.—But I soon put off both the Look and Habit of Wretchedness, and once more shone forth a pretty Fellow.—Don't you love Minuteness?—My Valet gone, I sat a few Moments, musing on what was next to be done with my single Talent, and singular Talents—The Gaming-Table darted into my Thoughts—A Chair was immediately order'd. I cast myself into it with a modish Air—Who had a better Right to it than I?—Not one Beau in twenty could boast of Pockets

better replenished; and if happy the Man, who in a silken or a leathern Purse, contains a splendid Shilling, what must he be, who is Master of a more splendid Guinea?—I flutter'd in; one Hand in my Breast, the other in my Waistcoat Pocket, and with an indolent half Yawn, half Whistle, approach'd the Table, where offering up a short Prayer to Fortune, I ventured my last Stake—Neck or nothing—won ten Guineas in half as many Minutes—play'd till four in the Morning—went Home the happiest Fellow in *England*, fifty Pounds Winner.

The Day following a fresh Consultation as to my next Manœuvre.—Your Intelligence in Regard to my fair Runaway?—Ah! *Jack*, I am humbled at the Remembrance of that Adventure—Blundering Puppy that I was!

—But

The WOMAN of FASHION. 153

But 'tis past—I determin'd to have one more Trial of Skill with her—no fix'd Plan, however. I'll leave something to Fortune, encouraged by her Favour at the Gaming-Table—As I was utterly unknown at ***, I thought I might venture there in *propria Persona*, only laying aside my military Habit, which by the bye, I have no longer a Title to—and new Christening myself—my Godfathers and Godmothers had promised and vow'd three Things in my Name, which I never intend to perform; and as many in their own, which they never once thought of from that Hour to this.—I therefore chose a new Sponsor, and vow'd over again—First, That I would, to the utmost of my Power, enjoy the Poms and Vanities of this wicked World—Secondly, That I would be revenged on that

154 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

dear, inconstant, seducing Creature,
Woman—Thirdly, That I would once
more get my pretty little Country
Vixen into my Power, in spite of
Men and Devils.—If I fail in any of
these, I'll answer for a very sincere
Sorrow and Repentance—There's no
more required of us, I think they tell
me.

A Chaise was sent for, and away I
drove Post Haste—arrived at * * *, on
the Eve of my second Day's Journey
—put up at an Inn, commonly call'd
a Hedge Alehouse, about a Mile from
the Hall.—How my Heart flutter'd,
as I eyed from my Window that
Gotbick Cask, which contains my
Treasure—After a horrid Supper, I
fell into Chat with mine Hostess, hav-
ing first loosen'd the Joints of her
Tongue—fluent enough at all Times—
with

with a chearful Glass. I was going to *Durham*, I told her, but should be obliged to wait a Day or two for my Uncle, who was to fetch me in his Carriage; my Wife was already at his House; the Impatience I felt, to see the dear Creature, had made me hurry on my Journey sooner than he had appointed to meet me. It would, I added, put me to some Inconveniency, without answering any other Purpose than bringing me a hundred Miles nearer my Charmer.—I then hinted, that it had been a Love Match, rather imprudent on my Side, but the Virtue and Beauty of my Wife had reconciled my Friends to it.

The good Woman was delighted.—There were but few Love Matches now-a-days, she sagaciously observed; but, to be sure, it had been a thou-

156 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

land Pities, so fine a young Gentleman as I, should have married a Woman I did not like, from worldly Motives.—She warranted my Lady perfectly doated on me, and the plump Soul smirk'd at me, most encouragingly gracious, while she spoke.—'Tis a Widow, *Jack*, and as coming as you please.—I am sure, continued the Dame, my poor dear Husband, Lord rest his precious Soul—and she squeezed for a Tear—was the Joy of my Heart. A Pains-taking Man he was, many a sweet Babe I had by him. I'm sure I shall never know his Fellow—O, never fear, cry'd I, try again, I'll warrant you—What a brisk Dame like you, live a Widow! Fie upon it—Ah! your Honour, said she, smirkingly, are pleased to be jocular.—But, for certain, 'tis but a solantary kind of a Life—Solantary! repeated

I,

I, 'tis a perfect Purgatory. — You know what Purgatory is, Widow? — No, not I, your Honour, answer'd she — Why, 'tis to burn, said I, without being consumed; — and, you know, the Apostle says, 'tis better to marry than burn — Aye, and to be sure, so it is, cry'd she; I'll warrant your Honour a deadly good Christian; I remembers, that Parson *Brown* preach'd on that very dential Text last *Sunday*, and a comfortable Sargument he made on't; I'm sure it did my Heart good to hear him talk so purely about Marriage and Virginity, and I don't know what all — Howsomdever he said, that the first beat the last all to Sticks. And so I thinks too; for what did we come into the World for, I trow? What indeed, cry'd I, but to increase and multiply. Ah! you are a rare merry Gentleman, said

said she.—I would not be a handsome young Woman in your Way, for all the Rout you make about your Wife.—I have been thinking, aye twenty and twenty Times, since you began to speak to me, what a pure Husband you would have made for young Madam, the 'Squire's Niece at the Hall. To be sure, she is a sweet pretty Body; all the Country rings of her Beauty, but she has been cross'd in Love belike, as Folks say, and so she mopes and takes on piteously; and there his Worship, Sir Roger, a deadly obstinate Man, as it should seem, wants her to marry one Sir *James*, what's his Name? I forgets. To be sure, I never meddles in other Men's Matters; and so, as I was saying, he will have a Match on't, Reason or no Reason.—Well, what does the Gentry at the Hall do, when they hears how Matters went between Madam

dam and her Father, but sends for her here.—And what is become of her Lover? said I carelessly.—Why, your Honour, he's at the Hall too, answer'd my Dame; and Folks talk, as if as how it would be a Match at last; to be sure, Madam's like to marry somebody, and so they say as how she begins to come too, as the Saying is; and to be sure, his Worship is as likely a Man, aye as you shall see in a hundred.—Your Honour indeed, is another guess Sort of a Gentleman too; but Comparisons are odious, as the Saying is; for to be sure, what's one Man's Meat, is another Man's Poison.—In this Manner ran on her eternal Clack, till I retired to my Room, where, if I understand the Language of the Eyes (and who has studied them more than thy Friend?) she would have been glad to have accompanied me; but she had too
few

few Attractions, to make me prefer a Duet to a Solo.

Next Day was spent in fretting, and wishing for my Uncle's Carriage—To be kept so long from a beloved Wife! —ha! *Jack*.—In the Evening I took a Ramble, you may guess which Way I directed my wandering Steps, revolving in my Mind a thousand different Schemes, to effect my intended Purpose, but without being able positively to determine on any.—Lost in Meditation, I wandered into a thick Wood at some Distance from the Hall.—The Sound of female Voices awaked me from my Reverie.—I stopp'd; listen'd, and soon distinguish'd that of my *Dulcinea*; upon which I hastily conceal'd myself behind the spreading Branches, where I could hear all that past, nay, even have a Peep at my fair
One,

One, without Danger of being seen.—
By my Soul, *Jack*, she's a sweet
Creature—O, thought I, my pretty
Charmer! had I but had Forecast
enough to have come properly ac-
companied, I would soon have roused
you from this gentle placid Melan-
choly, and changed your soft plaintive
Note for one more animated.—You
want some Adventure of that Nature,
to rouse your Spirits.

I was rejoiced however, that her
Country Rambles gave me so fair a
Chance of effecting my Purpose; I
determined to make the necessary Pre-
parations, and then watch a favour-
able Opportunity to effect my Project.
—Another Circumstance will be of
Advantage to my Plot. I found—for
I was several Times mention'd during
their Conversation—that she believes
me

me still in Confinement.—She pitied me, *Jack*.—Poor Man, said she, sighing, he has early met with his Punishment for a disorderly Life—What else could he expect from Courses so abandon'd? I cannot refuse him my Compassion; I hope by this Time, now he feels the Consequence of his Crimes, his Repentance intitles him to it—He has Leisure for Reflections; painful they must be to him, no doubt, but it may in the End produce salutary Effects—I wish, *Sophia*, we could prevail on my Uncle to relieve his Distress; he is a Gentleman, and neither wants for Sense nor Genius; pity they are perverted to such vile Purposes.—Pretty Preacher! I'll make you Amends ere many Days are past, for your intentional Generosity.

They

They talk'd of her new Lover too. In female *tete à tete*, who ever knew that Subject omitted?—She express'd the utmost Repugnance to the projected Alliance.—Ah! *Sophia*, cry'd she, sighing, and putting her Hand to her Heart with a pretty Air—Lord *Darnly*, Spite of his Faults, has still but too much Interest here.—Forgive me, Heaven! I struggle against this now guilty Weakness. —But, alas! my Friend, a Passion so deeply rooted is not easily conquer'd.

She stopp'd on seeing the noble Knight, as I found he was, who at that Instant made his Appearance.—Upon my Word, *Jack*, a slightly Man as one shall see in a thousand, as my Dame says—A soft sneaking Fellow of a Lover, however, not likely
to

to make a Breach in a Lady's Heart. Fortune favours the Bold.—He stammer'd out a hundred aukward Apologies for his Intrusion—I was pleas'd to find, by what he said, that he is not often admitted of their Parties.—He next talk'd of a Jaunt they were to take the following Day; hoped the Weather would prove favourable; sagaciously observed it look'd rather cloudy, but it might clear up. To those wise Remarks his Mistress made but slight Answers.—Lord help the silly Soul! what other could he expect?—No Women like your creeping fidgeting Fellows.—He essay'd to take her Hand; she withdrew it with such a scornful Air, that the poor Wretch put on a most Woe-be-gone Countenance; sigh'd piteously, and screw'd up his Features into the most horrid Dejection you ever saw.—He
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has naturally one of your open unthinking Faces. You cannot imagine what Confusion he puts it into, when he attempts to give it Expression.—There's little to fear from a Rival of this Cast.

Mine Hostess ran up this Moment. Sir, your Honour, cry'd she, the Esquire's Family are going by, you'll have a pure Opportunity of seeing Miss now, if you have any Curiosity—I can tell you 'tis well worth your while; many a Gentleman has come Miles to have a Glimpse of her.—Away she scuttled, that she might not lose the fine Shew herself—I, you may believe, kept at a convenient Distance from the Windows, till the old Family-Machine had hobbled out of Sight. The jolly Knight, and his intended Son, came last; the former,
in

166 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

in a flowing Tie Perriwig, large laced Hat, Jack-Boots, and full trimmed Coat; the latter, white-gloved, and as spruce as a Bridegroom, spurred on his Jennet, to have a Glance at his fair One, to shew his Horsemanship, and ask the important Question—
“ Well Miss, how are you now ?”

Away they drove—and now *Jack*,
I must bid you adieu. I have a thousand Things to settle.—O Fortune! smile but this once, and I forgive all your former Frowns.—Force, Stratagem, nothing shall be omitted.—If I fail—but I cannot, must not, nay, by *Jupiter*, I will not—farewel—

Your's,

GEORGE OBRIAN.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

To Mrs. FRAMPTON.

I HOPE my obliging Friend is not indisposed with the Fatigue of her Journey. 'Tis impossible to tell you, how much we all regret the Loss of your agreeable Company.—For my own Part, I have never been myself since you left us.—I entered your Apartment just now. How desolate does it appear! I cast myself into a Chair, gazed on the inimitable Flower-piece you adorn'd it with—every Thing brings you to my Remembrance.—We have scarce open'd our Lips since you left us—Poor *Henrietta* is particularly affected. I had never known the dear Girl so lively as in your Company.

Company. You had almost reconciled her to a Marriage, which her Father too peremptorily insists on, and which all her Friends wish to take place.—But now you are gone, her Melancholy, her Repugnance to Sir *James*, again takes place. Why is it not in my Power to free the dear Creature from Persecution, as she calls it. But Sir *Roger* is inflexible. You know his determinate Temper, when he sets his Heart on any Thing.—We went Yesterday on a Jaunt to ***. Why would you not be prevail'd on to stay and accompany us?—Mrs. *Osmond*, the two Miss *Bruces*, my Daughter, Niece, Brothers, and Sir *James*, were our Party.—I found it impossible to be gay, tho' nothing was omitted that was likely to amuse us. *Henrietta* was still less in Spirits. Her Lover's Tenderness and Affiduity, were return'd with

a more than usual Coolness and Reserve.—I gave her some gentle Hints, but there was no persuading her to change her Conduct. Sir Roger took Notice of her Behaviour, and spoke to me of it in very warm Terms—Vow'd he would no longer indulge her unreasonable Freaks—she should know more of his Mind ere it were long.—He was violently out of Humour for the Remainder of the Day, I trembled for the threaten'd Lecture; yet little imagined, he would treat his Daughter with so much Severity as he did.

The sweet Girl has but too much Sensibility, and now her Spirits are weaken'd, she could not fail to be deeply affected with his Displeasure. Every Body but him was moved at her Tears. Without regarding them, he peremptorily declared, she should be

the Wife of Sir *James*, and that too in less than a Week, take it as she would. He was wearied out with her obstinate Folly.—She cast herself at his Feet, embraced his Knees—Pity me, my Father, cry'd she, weeping—intreat for me my Friends.—I cannot—Alas! drive me not to Despair—He disengaged himself from her.—No more whining Girl, I won't hear you. Shall ha'un, by the Lord *Harry*, shall ye, and see who dare dispute my Will and Power. What a Plague! are you not my Daughter? have I not a Right to dispose of you, to whom, and when I please? I won't be palaver'd out of my Prerogative.

In vain did we endeavour to calm him. He was obstinate in his Determination, nor could *Henrietta's* Intreaties prevail on him to allow her more Time;
she

she would then endeavour to reconcile herself to his too arbitrary Commands—Leave me Girl, cry'd he, I won't hear you. You have been the Plague of my Life—you know I love you. You know I study nothing but your Good in what I insist on. What a dickens would you have more!—I tell you again, I won't hear you, I won't be plagued; shalt ha'un, and there's an End on't. You have play'd the Fool long enough. I shall never be at Rest till you are fairly married—O Duty! inexorable Duty! said she weeping, must I then sacrifice my Happiness to you!—I wish to obey; but alas! How shall I govern my refractory Heart. Pity me Sir, I desire no Favour, but to be permitted to continue single.—Come along Brother, interrupted Sir Roger, there's no dealing with these Women, they will ever have the last

Word. But, were they to prate till Doomsday, I would not change my Purpose.—Then taking his Daughter's Hand, and softening his Voice, don't be obstinate *Henny*, how can you vex your poor Father so? What Objections can you have to Sir *James*? is he not a worthy honest Man?—a personable Man too?—Does he not perfectly doat on you, tho' you use him so unkindly—By the Lord *Harry*, I'd see you hang'd first, before I'd take the Usage he puts up with from you.—But he loves you, as he told me Yesterday, as never Man loved Woman.—Why, Girl, you'll be as happy as the Day's long, if you will but ha'un—and then what a fine Estate he has.—Talk not to me of Fortune, interrupted she, I despise his Riches.—I dispute not his good Qualities. He may be a worthy Man.—He is universally allowed to be

be so, said my Brother. You would perhaps, be more sensible of his Worth, if he took less Pains to convince you of his Passion. Believe me, Sir *Roger*, you are not likely to gain your Point, as I have often told you, by these arbitrary Means—I won't be tutor'd Brother, interrupted he, with Indignation. You think yourself wiser than all the World, but I want none of your Advice. What a dickens! to govern my Child.—My Brother answer'd with Warmth—*Henrietta* was alarm'd—Dear Sir, taking her Uncle's Hand, let me intreat you to be calm—then embracing her Father—I cannot bear to see you thus.—Forbid it, Heaven! that I should be the unhappy Cause of any Difference between the best of Brothers.—I will rather—ah! can I then, added she, after a Pause, raising her streaming Eyes—

Yet what would I not do, to make you happy!—But do not be too precipitate, let me have Time to reflect on what I am going to do.—Now you are my Child again, cry'd Sir *Roger*, pressing her to his Breast, my beloved Child.—If you will but consent to marry the worthy *Walton*, you shall see what I will do for you. You shall have the finest Cloaths that can be bought for Money; the finest Equipage—not a Lady in the Land shall come up to you.—Ah! Sir, interrupted she, sighing—but I will not interrupt your present good Humour, permit me to retire—she did so.

At Dinner she again made her Appearance.—Sir *James* was with us. She look'd pale and dejected. Her Eyes shew'd she had been weeping. She paid her silent Respects to him, and took

took her Place. Sir *Roger* wink'd, smiled at Sir *James*, and pointed to a Seat next her, of which he thus encouraged immediately took Possession.—He had before had a Hint of his approaching Happiness, and his Raptures broke forth in Spite of his Timidity.—He spoke more than I had ever before heard him in my Niece's Presence—Her Answers were tolerably civil; but she cautiously avoided meeting his Eyes, which were continually fix'd on her with Transport. Sir *Roger's* Joy, every now and then, broke forth in a Manner, that I could see greatly distress'd our lovely *Henrietta*.—When the Desert was served, her assiduous Lover begged Leave to help her to some Fruit. She condescended to receive it from his Hands.—Her Father was in Extasy.—He clapp'd my Brother on the Shoulder, I told you how it would

be *Charles*, too audibly whisper'd he, I knew it was only a few maidenish *Airs*.—Then smiled, and again encouragingly nodded his Head at Sir *James*. My Niece was cover'd with Blushes, but they were rather those of Anger than Confusion. She affected a sudden Indisposition, fearing her Resentment might make her forget the Promise she had given her Father, and soon after retired.—Adieu, my dear Friend. They tell me my Daughter has just received a Letter from her Husband. He is still in *London*. His Business has been more tedious than we expected. He was privately to make Enquiry about the ungrateful Lord *Darnly*.—She brings it to me. I am impatient to learn the Contents.—My poor *Henrietta*! why those Emotions? Ought an Ingrate?—Once more adieu—the dear Girl is in violent Agitations—Your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

L E T.

LETTER XLVII.

To the SAME.

MY Son will be with us in a few Days. He has not yet seen Lord Darnly, but all the World confirm the Report of his Marriage, which indeed, we had no Reason, from the first to doubt, except from a Belief, that he had more Gratitude than not to inform my Brother of it. He is gone to one of his Country-Seats, it seems.—His Lady is in Town.—Strange, that she did not accompany him! *Peircy*, who judges of others by himself, was always of Opinion, that we should find him less culpable than he appear'd; he is desirous of seeing him before he returns. It is indeed, in some Measure

necessary, as he is concern'd in the Affair, which obliged him to go to *London*—He has some Thoughts of paying him a Visit in the Country.—This Part of his Letter we thought proper to conceal from my Brother, fearing he might blame his Condescension—But *Sophia* own'd she had desired him not to leave Town, till he had seen, and particularly inform'd himself of all that regards that once highly esteem'd Nobleman.—It is easy to guess who instigated her to this.

Ah! the dear *Henrietta*! to what Purpose should she wish to make those Enquiries!—Her Melancholy is increased since the Arrival of this Letter. Perhaps she still fondly hoped, the Report of his Marriage might be without Foundation. We have long cautiously avoided mentioning him; but now,
I fear,

I fear, he is but too much the Subject of Conversation, at least between my Daughter and her. They are continually shut up together in her Apartment.—I gently chid *Sophia* for encouraging, rather than endeavouring to assist in curing her hopeless ill placed Passion.—Ah! my dear Mamma, cry'd she, what can I do? my lovely Cousin takes a melancholy Pleasure in talking of the amiable Youth.—Ought I to refuse her that trifling Consolation? is she not sufficiently tormented by an unfeeling Father? shall I too, her Friend, join with her Persecutors?—Why is she not permitted to live single? 'tis all she requires. Must she alas! be sacrificed to the Man her Heart rejects.—Plead for her Madam, you have some Influence over Sir *Roger*. I dare not, his boisterous Ways terrify me. He regards not my Tears. How should
H 6. they

they affect him, when his charming Daughter's far more eloquent Sorrow fails to move

You may believe there is no Need of her Intreaties to make me espouse the Cause of our loved *Henrietta*, but what can I do? My Brother is determinately fix'd on the Marriage.—Did I tell you, my Friend, that poor *Williamson*, at my Niece's Desire, is removed to this Neighbourhood.—She still continues to merit our good Opinion, if we may judge by her Behaviour. *Henny* is firmly convinced of her sincere Repentance. I, however, who know rather more of the World, think it no Breach of Charity to suspend my Judgment, till Time has given me more convincing Proofs of it. I sometimes call upon her, and 'tis certain she behaves with great Decency—I am summon'd to Dinner.

Dinner. The Father of my dear *Henny*, Mrs. *Osmond*, and Sir *James* are to be our Guests—Adieu, your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER XLVIII.

To JOHN BANKS, Esq;

CURSED Delays, *Jack*, no convenient Opportunity for putting my grand Project in Execution, tho' every Thing has, for some Days, been in Readiness. But I must have Patience; should it miscarry, I am irretrievably ruin'd. Wisely and slowly. They stumble that go fast; 'tis a confounded Thing tho' to be so long confined to the horrid Country. Nothing but the Desire and Prospect of dear Revenge could make it supportable. —I have changed

changed my Lodgings, for Fear of Suspicion.—The plump Soul, mine Hostess, began to express a little Wonderment that my Uncle so long delay'd his coming; upon which I order'd the Carriage I had in waiting to make its Appearance, bid the kind Dame farewell, whipped into it with all the Extasy of a doating Husband—doating indeed, if I could be so impatient to visit that everlasting Comfort a Wife.—I drove a Mile or two; left it at a convenient Distance from the intended Scene of Action, to be in Readiness at a Minute's Warning—the Fellow properly tutor'd, without however, being too far let into the Secret—another I have hired as my Valet—*Will Thomson*—you have the Honour to know him, I believe—'Tis not the first Time I procured him reputable Employment—'tis a Fellow of tried Fidelity, and
one

one who has besides, a Head naturally turn'd for Stratagem—I must leave you abruptly *Jack*. *Will*, who has been reconnoitering, is just return'd. By his Looks, I guess he brings some favourable Intelligence—Your's,

G. OBRIAN.

LETTER XLIX.

To Mrs. PEIRCE.

THE Desire of obliging my dearest *Sophia*, has more Weight with her *Harry* than his own Happiness—What do I say? can any Thing more powerfully contribute to it, than gratifying her every Wish—I repress'd my Eagerness to return, in order to satisfy your Curiosity with regard to Lord *Darnly*.—But for the Time I have employ'd

employ'd in Enquiries and Endeavours to see him, I should, ere now, have had the Heart-felt Joy of embracing my dearest Life, and the rest of my valued Friends.—Business no longer detains me here. Nor need he—I have alas! heard but too much of him, for one who hoped to find him more worthy of Esteem.—You'll be greatly shock'd at what I am going to communicate. I think we must spare the gentle *Henrietta* the Pain of knowing it.—Who could have believed a virtuous Mind would so soon be so utterly depraved!—How contagious is Vice!—My Antipathy to a Town Life daily increases. Happy are we, my *Sophia*, in a peaceful Retirement, where alone we can preserve our Innocence, our Purity of Manners. Custom and Example here give Encouragement and Sanction to Vices, which we have been taught to regard with Horror.

How

How fatal have they proved to the unfortunate *Darnly* ! Unfortunate I call him, for, however Pleasure may at present intoxicate and stifle Conviction, he will one Day be sensible he is so, and too late awaken from his Dream of Happiness to Sorrow and Remorse.—An ill-placed Passion first misled his Judgment. He, no doubt, blush'd to avow it to his Friend. Ingratitude follow'd ; once guilty of that, and we need wonder at nothing. His Marriage, imprudent as it is, and though attended with such unjustifiable Circumstances, is the least faulty Part of his Conduct.—Would you believe it, my *Sophia* !—No, your virtuous Mind can have no Idea of such Crimes.—I can hardly myself, even after the strongest Proofs, give credit to it.—He no longer loves his rashly chosen
Lady

186 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Lady—A new Passion already engrosses all his Attention ; a Passion, were he even single, if possible, more unjustifiable than the former ;—he is not, as I was first inform'd, at his Country-Seat. —No—the Object of his guilty Attachment, is placed in an obscure Retreat not far distant from Town. There, regardless of his Character, of the World's Censure, and what is still worse, regardless of the solemn Engagement into which he has enter'd, he constantly visits her.—His Lady every Body pities ; her Character is not generally known. She has had Art enough to save Appearances. Her Reputation, though not quite spotless, is nevertheless upon a Parity with many, who make no contemptible Figure in the *Beau Monde*.—'Tis not Charity now-a-days, but Quality which covers the Multitude of Sins—I have never met

The WOMAN of FASHION. 187

met with her either in private Company, or at public Places, since I came to Town; so far her Conduct is prudent. Who knows but Marriage, had her Lord behaved generously, might have given her a more just Way of thinking.

This, my dearest Life, is a concise Account (the Subject is too disagreeable to be enlarged on) of what I have learnt from my Enquiries. I look forward to the Happiness of being with you in a few Days.—I am concern'd at the Conduct of Sir Roger. What must not our amiable *Henrietta* suffer, in being thus persecuted? Sir *James* is a worthy Man, but I cannot think he is formed to make her happy. He has not that Delicacy, that Refinement of Sentiment, that is likely to engage a Heart like her's. He is a plain,

plain, honest Man ; an estimable Character, but a Lover requires something more ; Qualities less valuable indeed, but more pleasing. Why will not her Father have Patience ? I, as little as he does, approve her Choice of a single Life ; a Mother of a Family is what every virtuous Woman should aspire to be, as not only more useful to Society, but more honourable than the Virgin State. And what, my *Sophia* ! is so exquisitely endearing as that Connection, which an Union of Hearts as well as Hands has form'd !

—Let us endeavour to persuade her Father to be less precipitate ; an agreeable Man may offer, to whom she can, without Reluctance, consent to be united. I hope he will yet be prevailed on to alter his Resolution. Surely a Parent cannot long resist the Voice of
Nature,

Nature, awaken'd by the powerful
Eloquence of a Child like her.

I would immediately set off for
****, but that I still wish to see Lord
Darnly; perhaps my Remonstrances
may have some Weight with him; as
the Friend of my valued *Mr. Groves*,
I would do all in my Power to recall
him to the Paths of Virtue. Who
knows what Effect my bringing to
his Remembrance that worthy Man,
and consequently the Obligations he
has to him, may produce? No doubt
he endeavours to banish from his
Thoughts what must make him blush
for his Ingratitude, if he is not lost to
every Sense of Shame.—The Sight of
me may awaken his Remorse. I have
already been two or three Times at his
Lodgings, but was always told he
was in the Country. I will once more
attempt

attempt seeing him; if I fail again, my eagerly wish'd for Journey shall no longer be deferred—Farewel, my dearest Life. The warmest Professions would but ill express the Fervor of my Affections, I will not then discredit my Love by the fruitless Effort. You know my Heart, and you know too, that it is wholly your's. Assure our charming Friend of my best Wishes.—Tell Mrs. Camply—but I shall see you all in a few Days, and will then speak for myself.—Adieu, my Angel.

Your's,

HENRY PEIRCY.

L E T.

LETTER L.

To Lady DIANA DORMER.

YOU are revenged—I am punished for my Treachery, Lord *Darnly* is lost to us both.—I write rather to ease the Torture of my Mind, than with Hopes of softening you into Forgiveness. Hearts so depraved as ours, were not form'd for Friendship; 'tis a Passion too noble, we are incapable of it. A Similarity of Sentiments first attached us to each other; that Attachment subsisted, till our Interests became incompatible—But would you—or could you be so ignorant of my Disposition, as to expect I should prefer your Happiness to my own?—Ah! you know the World too well.—Friendship, even amongst the Virtuous, is seldom carried to that romantic

mantic Height—'tis little more than an Intercourse of Civility—While we amuse, or are necessary to each other, we are Friends—but no longer—How should we, who make Pleasure our Idol, who live but to gratify our Passions, be capable of a generous disinterested Friendship—Vain Chimera!—examine your own Heart and you will acquit me.—I acted but as you would have done in my Place.

I was faithful to you, while it clashed not with my Interest to be so.—You could expect no more—when I became your Rival, I ceased to be your nominal Friend; betray'd your Confidence, because I saw no other Way to destroy Lord *Darnly's* too favourable Opinion of you.—Would you, Lady *Die*, have been more scrupulous in the same Circumstances?—

you dare not say you would. Why then those violent Reproaches with which you load me?—Were I inclined to recriminate, 'tis I that ought to reproach.—But for your Encouragement and Example, I need not, at this Moment, have been the abject Creature I now am, even in my own Eyes. Who but you seduced my unexperienced Youth, into the flowery Paths of Vice?—Reflect a little on the former Scenes—I was comparatively virtuous, when my evil Genius first led me to your Acquaintance—You found indeed, but too susceptible a Heart to work upon; a Mind, if not a Person, already depraved—strong Passions, unrestrain'd by Education or Religion—my wavering Faith was soon extinguished, by the Society into which you introduced me.—But enough of this—I am lost—ruin'd—

no Matter from what Cause; let me rather relate the Manner, in which I became acquainted with the most dangerously lovely of his Sex;—and that, as I before said, not so much to gratify your Curiosity, as to divert my tortured Mind from my present Misery, by a Recollection of the almost only happy Moment of my Life. Fatal Happiness! what has it not cost me to taste, for the first Time, the Pleasure of loving; a Passion to which, notwithstanding my Connection with *Granville*, I find my Heart had till that Moment been a Stranger, only to be plunged into Despair—but to my Narrative.

My Health was perfectly re-established. Lord *Granville* had received a Summons from his Father; the Country was no longer necessary.

Lon

Long had I been sick of it, as well as a Lover, whose cool Behaviour no longer spoke him such.—I set off therefore, on my Return to Town; my Maid in the Chaise with me, no other Attendant, I discharged all my other Servants before I went to my Retreat—a necessary Precaution in my Situation.—We had just enter'd *** Common, when our Horses took Fright. The Postillion was no longer able to manage them; he was with Violence thrown from his Seat.—Imagine my dreadful Situation, when a Gentleman passing that Way, flew to our Assistance. He endeavour'd to get before the Chaise, in order to stop it, but in vain. It rush'd by; the Shock almost threw him from his Horse.—Our Flight was at last intercepted by a Gate, against which the Horses ran with such Violence, that the Carriage was

overturn'd. — The Glasses were unluckily drawn up—I received several Cuts in my Right-Arm, and one on my Forehead, besides being much bruised.

I had fainted through Terror, and when I recover'd, found myself in the Arms of the handsomest Man I ever beheld—With a Manner inexpressibly tender, he endeavour'd to bind up my Wounds, gazed on me with the most engaging Sweetness, and press'd my bleeding Face to his Breast, where I had reclined it. I sigh'd—I could not speak. The Postillion, who had received no Injury from his Fall, now came up to us. Some People that were passing, assisted him to put the Carriage in Order—The Horses were no longer unruly; my charming Deliverer ask'd, if I durst venture again

again to trust myself in it.—There was no Town within less than a Mile, it would be impossible, in my Condition, to think of walking; he would order one of the Men to lead the Horses to prevent any further Accident—I agreed to his Proposal.—Ah! Lady *Die*, is it in Nature to refuse him any Thing!

He led me to the Carriage; I wished he had taken his Seat by me. But what then was to become of poor *Bab*, who was in little better Condition than her Lady.—We drove slow—He rode by the Side of the Chaise, every Moment tenderly enquiring, with endearing Anxiety, how I was.—I order'd the Boy to drive me back to *B.* it was but two or three Miles distant, and I could there be better accommodated than at an Inn.—I had farther Views

198 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

in going back there, for, from the first Moment I beheld the agreeable Stranger, I formed the Hope of attaching him to me by stronger Ties than those of Compassion—It was near five o'Clock in the Afternoon when I got Home. The People of the House were no less surprised than alarmed, at the Condition in which they saw me—I was with Difficulty convey'd to my Apartment. My new Friend staid a few Moments below, to reward the Men who had assisted us, then follow'd me, but almost instantly hurrying down again, bid one of those Men wait; I heard him say, I have a Letter to send by you to Town.—He return'd to me. I lay reclined on a Couch, hoped I was a little recover'd from my Fright; ask'd if my Arm pain'd me—should he
send

send for a Surgeon—No, answer'd I, the Wounds are but slight, I feel no great Uneasiness from them.

A Servant brought in Materials for writing—Will you excuse me, Madam, said he, I had an Engagement in Town this Evening—Little did I imagine my Airing, would make me Witness to so alarming a Scene—I must send an Apology to my Friend. Female Curiosity operated strongly at that Moment, I long'd anxiously to know for whom this Epistle was intended—whether Male or Female—I whisper'd *Bab*, who placed herself behind his Chair while he wrote the Direction, then stealing to me—To Lady *Diana Dormer*, said she, softly.—Guess my Surprise. He had not yet seal'd it. For Heaven's Sake, *Bab*, get Possession of it, re-

turn'd I. Watch when the Fellow goes off—tell him there is a Mistake; get the Letter from him, and let him go about his Business. — Never fear, Madam, cry'd she, I'll manage it.—My Swain went down to give his Messenger Instructions. She follow'd, and returning soon after, by a significant Look gave me to understand, she had succeeded in her Design.

Mean Time his Lordship, observing that I look'd pale, without waiting for my Consent, sent to the neighbouring Town for a Surgeon.—I knew nothing of it, till the Gentleman enter'd my Apartment; they persuaded me to lose a little Blood. — I found myself better after an Operation, to which, however, I have an utter Aversion. Had it not been for the tender

tender Intreaties of Lord *Darnly*, I would never have consented to it.—As it was thought necessary I should be put to Bed, he bid me adieu; said, it was too late to return to Town that Night; he should therefore stay at the next Village, and would do himself the Honour of waiting on me the next Morning.

Mr. *Brent* the Surgeon, who had receiv'd from him a particular Account of the Accident, politely invited him to his House—they went out together—I then eagerly open'd his Letter, which *Bab* now deliver'd to me—But guess my Emotions, when I found he was your admired Lord *Darnly*.—I had a few Qualms—Self-love, however, soon got the Victory.—The Night was spent in a thousand different Schemes to rob you of your

adorable Lover.—Of Matrimony I had not the least Hope; but a less honourable Connexion would satisfy my Love at least, if not my Pride; I trusted not only to my Charms, but to his Heart, already soften'd with Pity; and as it was visible he had a great Share of Sensibility, I thought it might not be amiss to awaken his Hopes, by shewing him, he would not find in me one of the rigidly virtuous.

This however required Address—I determined to make him the pretended Confidant of my unhappy Story. My ready Invention, soon compos'd one for the Occasion—He came in the Morning, agreeable to his Promise, and appear'd still more lovely than the preceding Day. My Features had assumed a soft Langour; I was
in

in Reality greatly indisposed. He seated himself by me on the Couch—all gentle and assiduous his Manner, I sigh'd frequently—now and then stole a timid Glance—then sigh'd again—He tenderly enquired into the Cause of my Dejection—hoped it proceeded from nothing but the Remembrance of my Yesterday's unfortunate Accident—if from any Thing else, could he be of Service to me—I might command him to the utmost of his Power.—Alas! Sir—and I look'd at him with a Kind of bashful Tenderness—my Yesterday's Adventure was almost the least unfortunate Part of my Life.—It had been happy for me, had it put an End to my wretched Days—I pulled out my Handkerchief to conceal my—Want of Tears.—He was affected.—Good Heavens! Madam, a Lady so young! so beauti-

ful! you have greatly interested me. I dare not presume on so short an Acquaintance, to expect you should place much Confidence in me, but, if my Friendship—ah! name not Friendship, interrupted I, a false Friend has been my Ruin—O, Lady *Die!* raising my watery Eyes—deceitful, treacherous Woman, to what have you reduced me! Who would have suspected—

Lady *Die!* exclaim'd he, with Emotion—but it cannot be the same.—By your Agitation at that Name, said I, I am half persuaded you are that very Lord *Darnly*, whom she has so artfully endeavour'd to insnare.—Ah! Sir, if you are—I paused and look'd attentively on him—What if I am, Madam, cry'd he with Impatience?—Then, my Lord, answer'd I, you have been cruelly deceived, you have honour'd one of
the

the vilest of her Sex with your Esteem—a Woman you would detest, did you know, like me, the Badness of her Heart—I stopp'd—Forgive me, Sir, perhaps she is your Wife—but Wrongs like mine, are not to be borne in Silence.—Proceed, return'd he, with Emotion, she is not, but surely you are mistaken in the Person.—Ah! no, said I, I know your Affairs better than you do yourself; and have, alas! a more fatal Reason to know her—the Cause of all my Misery—a hopeless Orphan, well born, well educated, virtuous, till her pernicious Counsel and Example—I stopp'd, and affected to burst into Tears.—He was moved at my Distress; a sympathising Drop stole down his Cheek.—I sigh'd deeply, and appear'd ready to faint, while, as if unknowing what I did, I reclined my Head on his Shoulder.—He was tenderly assiduous

duous to recover me. That effected, I proceeded to reveal to him the Nature of your Connexion with *Obrian*, the Methods you had taken to draw his Lordship into a Marriage, and a thousand other Circumstances of your private History.

He raised his Hands and Eyes in utter Astonishment. He had not Power to speak, but travers'd the Room in violent Agitations.—At last—but what of my *Henrietta*? cry'd he, sighing. Perhaps, too, you can give me Intelligence of that lovely, unfortunate Maid. I no longer doubt her having been betray'd, by these execrable Arts. She could not, she would not, voluntarily have gone off with such a Wretch.—Why did I give Credit to the unjust Calumny!

Of

Of her Affairs I know little, said I, only that her Misfortunes are now remediless. For of this I am well assured, she has for some Time past been the Wife of him, from she found no Means to escape.—You may believe, Lady *Die*, I was as unwilling as you, he should doubt her Marriage—Villain, cry'd he, colouring with Rage—but I may yet live to revenge my injured Love.—He then talk'd of going to * * *—Express'd his Surprise, that his Friend Mr. *Groves* should not answer his Letters.—Ah! Sir, said I, you need expect no Answers from that Quarter, her Ladyship has irreconcilably incensed that Family against you. Your unsuspecting Nature, my Lord, continued I, was but an ill Match for one of her deep Dissimulation. You are not the first her Blandishments have deceived; but

but I am surpris'd you should not be better acquainted with her Character.—The World is no Stranger to her Intrigues, cautious as she is to preserve Appearances.—'Tis impossible to describe the various Emotions that were visible in his lovely Countenance, during my Discourse. He listened to me in Silence. Language was too faint to express his Surprise.—He sat for some Time, his Eyes fix'd on the Floor; when I had done speaking, as if lost in Thought—then suddenly starting from his Reverie—yes, I will go—my Friend shall no longer harbour those unjust Suspicions.—But then my just Vengeance—ah! can I delay that!—No; I will find out the Villain. That shall now engross my whole Attention—that despicable Woman too—yet her Sex!—No; she is below my Notice.

Thus

Thus in broken Sentences, did he vent his Indignation. I endeavour'd to calm him, and by Degrees engaged his Attention by a well invented Tale of Misery—I the unfortunate Heroine.—How engagingly did he express his Pity! and not barren Pity only, he generously assured me I might command his Fortune. I wish'd to make myself dependent on him, as the only Method I could think of to bring on a more endearing Connexion. It grew late. He began to talk of going, when behold I was conveniently seized with fainting Fits.—No Wonder, my Indisposition, and the Agitations I had put myself into by relating my unhappy Story, might well produce that Effect. Those Fits too were so violent and often repeated, that the dear Creature began to be apprehensive for my
Life.

Life.—In Spite of his so eagerly desired Vengeance, Compassion prevail'd. He found it impossible to leave me in that Condition. The Surgeon was again sent for, till he could procure better Advice. I counterfeited to a Miracle. Thus I made shift to detain him another Night.

Early next Morning he again came to wait on me. *Bab* only made her Appearance. Her Lady was more dangerously ill than the preceding Day. He went to Town, however, but generously return'd in the Evening with a Physician.—You, mean Time, surpris'd at not seeing him, employ'd your Spies so successfully, that they traced him to my House. Jealousy and Rage took Possession of you. You spread the malicious Report of our supposed Intrigue, without contradicting

dicting that of your Marriage. The World was severe in its Censure. My Reputation, which I had till then tolerably supported, was utterly blasted. His Character suffer'd no less. Luckily however, he was ignorant of the scandalous Stories you had taken such Pains to propagate. But I knew what I had to expect from your Revenge, the Moment I received your Letter. By Degrees, I begun to recover from my Indisposition. He still continued to visit me. I used all my Art to excite in him a mutual Passion, nor did I despair of effecting it. Virtuous as he is, the Temptation must in the End have proved too powerful—He had made the most diligent but unsuccessful Enquiries after *Obrian*. He Yesterday told me, he was therefore determined for some Time to give over the fruitless Search, and go immediately to * * *. Were he
once

212 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

once more reconciled to his Friend, Vengeance should, for the future, employ his whole Attention. I was greatly alarm'd at this Resolution; but, when he came to take Leave, my Spirits absolutely forsook me. I used all my Art, I summon'd all my Blandishments to detain him, but in vain. My repeated Intreaties, however, extorted from him a Promise, that he would see me once again, before he took that fatal Journey.

He was no sooner gone, than I rack'd my Invention for some Means to frustrate his Purpose. A more open Avowal of my Passion appear'd the most feasible. I had already Reason to flatter myself, I was more than indifferent to him. He must have been more than Man had I not, after the tender insinuating Manner in which I had behaved to him,

susceptible

susceptible as his Heart undoubtedly is.—How ardently did I long for his promised Return!—I had on the Morning on which I expected him, dress'd myself in the most alluring *Desthabille*. Nothing was omitted that could embellish my Charms. I number'd the tedious Moments—Twelve—one—two o'Clock—no Lord *Darnly*—'Tis impossible to describe my Agitation—at last a Rap at the Gate—I flew to the Window—A Man on Horseback deliver'd a Letter, and instantly rode off.—I am ruin'd! exclaim'd I, and sunk almost lifeless into a Chair. *Bab* enter'd with the fatal Billet—I trembling open'd it—the first Thing that presented itself was an hundred Pound Bank-Note.—I toss'd it from me, and bursting into Tears—ah! I see what I have to expect, this is his last Adieu, and I shall never see him more.

For

For a few Moments I gave Way to the violent Emotions of my Grief and Disappointment, without being able to compose myself enough to read the fatal Letter—These were the Contents.

To Miss BRUDNELL.

MADAM,

“ The World has put an unfavourable Construction on our Intimacy. For the Sake of your Reputation, it ought no longer to subsist. An unexpected Event prevents my bidding you a personal Adieu. I know not if you have deceived me, I am willing to judge favourably. You may still depend on any Service in my Power, tho’ from henceforth I shall avoid all personal Intimacy. If your Penitence for past Errors is sincere, your Circumstances shall be made so easy, as to
leave

leave you no Pretence to repeat them.

—Adieu

DARNLY."

Ah! Lady *Die*, what can you ask more, are you not sufficiently revenged?—If you knew what I suffer from disappointed Love—but I will not gratify your Hatred, by enlarging on my Misery.—Wretch that I am! for ever lost to Happiness! lost to Virtue! my Reputation blasted, where shall I hide my Shame!—If your unfeeling Heart—yet I will not stoop to ask your Pity—ah! I have not a Friend in the World. I deserve not to have one—my Pen drops from my Hand.—Good Heavens! what will become of the ruined, the undone,

CAROLINE BRUDNELL!

L E T.

LETTER LI.

To Miss BRUDNELL.

I FORGIVE you, *Brudnell*—Let what's past be forgot—you robbed me of my Lover, I you of your Reputation.—I know not which is the greatest Injury—had you succeeded in attaching him to you indeed, I never would have pardon'd your Triumph. But thus humbled, we are once more upon a Par—Resume your wonted Spirits, Child—Hasten from that odious Country. No Wonder you are in the Horrors. Your Sermon-like Epistle produced the same Effects on me—But what, after all, do we make such a Bustle about?—a Man?—Ridiculous!—As if there was but one in the World.

—Your

Your Reputation!—a Trifle—in *England* indeed, you might not be able to appear with that *Eclat* you have been accustom'd to; but is Gaiety, is Pleasure, confined to this Island only?—Chear up your Heart, my Dear, we will yet shine with our usual Splendor—What say you to a Trip to *Paris*?—I am on the Wing. *London* is no longer a fit Place for me to flourish in.—I go then. Will you accompany me? Be quick in your Resolves, dear *Brudnell*, there is not a Moment to lose.—I have a thousand Reasons for hastening my Departure. Come to me immediately. Once more, forget what is past; we are as good Friends as ever; let us bid adieu to this—no longer dear—Town—

218. *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Money! Beauty like ours—no fear—
I am interrupted—we will talk over
our Affairs when we meet. Adieu.

DIANA DORMER.

LETTER LII.

To Mrs. FRAMPTON.

O My Friend! this is too much.
My poor *Henrietta*! to what
Misery is she doom'd!—her Father,
her Uncle—Ah! if they do not time-
ly overtake the Villain, what will
become of her!—Pity us gracious
Heaven! interpose in Behalf of suffer-
ing Innocence—by his cursed Strata-
gems, he has once more got her into
his Power.—They are gone in Pursuit
—I hardly know what I write—I
must leave you—my poor Daughter!
—danger-

—dangerous may be the Consequence of her terrible Fright.—She was Witness, alas! it was not in her Power to assist her unhappy Friend—Adieu—There is no describing our Misery—

Your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER LIII.

To the SAME.

MY Son is just arrived, and is almost distracted at the Condition in which he found his beloved Wife; yet he can hardly restrain the Desire he has to pursue, like the rest of her Friends, the guilty Ravisher.—But how can he leave his *Sophia*?—When I first inform'd him of our Misfortune—Good Heavens! exclaim'd he, what

then will become of Lord *Darnly*?—
 With what different Hopes—he stop-
 ped—I was too much engrossed by the
 Thoughts of the lovely *Henrietta*, to
 ask an Explanation—A Message from
Williamson—What can she want?—
 Perhaps she has gain'd some Intelli-
 gence—Heaven grant she may—Adieu
 till I return.

In Continuation.

I have most surprising Things to
 tell you.—Let me attempt to do it
 with some Method, though I can hard-
 ly restrain the Transports of my Joy.
 —I left you, my Friend, on the Ar-
 rival of a Messenger from *Williamson*
 —she sent to beg my immediate Pre-
 sence—I slipped only for a Moment
 into my Daughter's Apartment, then
 accompanied the Man to her House.
 But

But judge of my Emotions, at the Scene that presented itself when I enter'd her Room.—She was sitting drown'd in Tears by the Side of a Bed, on which lay a well dress'd Man, seemingly at the Point of Death.—At a little Distance, reclined in an arm'd Chair, I beheld my lovely Niece, just recovering from a Swoon, Lord *Darnly* kneeling at her Feet holding one of her Hands.—I flew towards her, uttering an Exclamation of Surprise and Joy, and caught her in my Arms, she flung her's round my Neck—My dear Aunt! my *Henrietta!* was all we could say for some Moments—Lord *Darnly* continued kneeling.

Our mutual Transports a little abated, she turn'd to him with an Air rather reserved — Why this humble Posture, my Lord? The Obligated ought

to kneel, but surely it ill becomes the Husband of Lady *Diana*—The Husband of Lady *Diana*! interrupted he, with Fervour. Ah! could you believe so strange a Report? Can my Friends then think me capable of a Conduct so ungrateful?—You are too condescending, my Lord, said I, to make an Apology; your Friends had no Right to dispute your Choice—He arose, and taking my Hand with an Air of Respect—You will condemn this unjust Coolness, Madam, when you know the Truth of the Affair.—Appearances I own are against me; but I would never have presumed to appear in the Presence of that young Lady, if I could not acquit myself of the Charge of Ingratitude.—You have not, I find, seen your Son. I hoped he would have prepared my Friends to have given me a more favourable Reception.

Reception.—Forgive me, Sir, said I, the Deliverer of my Niece is intitled to my warmest Gratitude, and such I have Reason to believe you are—Name it not, cry'd he; had I done it at the Expence of my Life, I should have esteem'd myself amply rewarded, in having been serviceable to her, for whose Sake alone that Life is valuable.—It is no longer so, since I have unfortunately forfeited her Esteem.

He was proceeding, when the Surgeon he had sent for entered the Room. His Lordship approach'd her with a melancholy Air. Permit me, Madam, said he, sighing, and taking her Hand, to lead you from a Scene that will too much affect you.—I know your gentle Nature. Even I had formerly the Happiness to excite your Pity; those compassionate Tears show,

that others have still that Power.—
 Her Emotions prevented an Answer.
 He led her into another Room, and
 immediately return'd to the unfor-
 tunate, guilty *Obrian*.—I again em-
 braced my *Henrietta*, and we both,
 falling on our Knees, return'd Thanks
 to Heaven for her providential Deli-
 verance.—She then gave me an Ac-
 count of the Manner in which it was
 effected. I need not trouble you with
 the Particulars, I would hasten to
 what is more agreeably interesting.—
 Lord *Darnly* is the bravest, as well as
 most generous of Men. Should the
 Villain die, there is no Fear but he
 will be honourably acquitted, as he
 only wounded him in his own De-
 fence; and that not till he had first
 fired at him, without however doing
 him any Injury.

In

In the Midst of her Recital, my Son unexpectedly enter'd the Apartment. He had been inform'd of what had happen'd, and hasten'd to partake of our Joy.—After tenderly congratulating *Henrietta* on her Escape—where, said he, is my Friend, your noble Deliverer? You ought to have had from me an Explanation of his Conduct, before you could receive him as he deserves.—What Explanation, cry'd she eagerly, is he not?—She stopt, and turn'd from us to hide a rising Blush—Proceed, my dear *Henrietta*, said he smiling, and taking her Hand, do you blush at betraying a Tenderness for one of the most worthy of his Sex? Think more justly. Your Lover—My Lover! interrupted she, with a Degree of Scorn, no: If he were even once more free, think

not I would accept that Fragment of his Heart, which his *Diana*—But with his whole Heart, interrupted he in his Turn, that constant Heart which has ever been your's, do not be too precipitate in your Determination; read this Letter first, which contains his Justification—you'll be amazed at the treacherous Arts that have been practised to deceive us.—She took it with a trembling Hand. He observed her Emotions. Permit me to read it to you, added he; my Mother, though not quite so anxious as you, continued he, with an arch Smile, will yet, no doubt, be glad to—How can you thus trifle with female Curiosity? cry'd I, read it I beseech you without farther Preamble.—He did so—O my Friend! what an amazing Discovery!—What a Wretch is that vile Lady
Die!

My

My Niece's Surprise and Joy was so great, that it entirely overcame her Spirits. It was with Difficulty we could preserve her from fainting.—I will bring a more effectual Remedy than any you can administer, said my Son, when she was a little recovered. Prepare to do Justice to my Friend. I know you did not give him that cordial Reception he merits. I always entertain'd a favourable Opinion of him, notwithstanding Appearances.—*Henrietta*, continued he, pressing her Hand, he is worthy of you. What greater Praises can I bestow upon him?—So saying he left us.

Lord *Darnly's* Letter is too long for me to transcribe at present. I could hardly find Time to write this. I inclose the Original, therefore return

it to us, my Friend, the first Opportunity, or rather let me hope you will bring it in Person; our Joy is imperfect, till you are a Witness, a Partaker of it. Remember the Promise you made my Niece to be present at her Wedding; but I need say no more, my Niece writes to you herself. If you can resist her Intreaties—no, I trust you will not refuse us the Pleasure of your Company on the happy Occasion.—But to resume my Narrative.

In a few Moments my Son return'd, accompanied by Lord *Darnly*, whose late gloomy Air now gave place to a Joy, which yet was check'd by the Diffidence of Love; with Emotions that deprived him of the Power of Utterance, he cast himself at the Feet of his *Henrietta*. She raised him with modest

modest Tenderneſs — Pardon me, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, my late cool Behaviour. Gratitude ought to have excited me to a different Conduct, but I had been deceived into an Opinion — It was not the Belief of your Marriage, continued ſhe, with ſome Confuſion. The Circumſtances — Ah ! Madam, interrupted he, I durſt not indeed flatter myſelf you would take much Interſt in that ; yet, highly as I value your Eſteem, I could have wiſh'd my ſeeming Inconſtancy had had ſome Share in your Reſentment. If I am only to rank you amongſt the Number of my returning Friends, I own my refractory Heart will murmur, though that is a Diſtinction I would purchaſe at the Expence of my Life. — You are too precipitate in urging her on this Subject, cry'd I, ſmiling. Little as you think of Friendſhip, I
muſt

must however, insist on a Return to mine.—He took my Hand, respectfully press'd it to his Lips—I embraced him—Welcome, my dear Son, said I, let me again call you by that Name; how will my Brother be rejoiced!—My Friend! exclaim'd he! ah! where is that best of Men! how eagerly do I long to be reconciled to him!—Good Heavens, what a Monster of Ingratitude must I have appear'd! You know not, Madam, what I have suffered under a Sense of his Displeasure; little did I imagine he never received the Letter I wrote, or nothing should have detain'd me from him. But a thousand unfortunate Circumstances—

Let us think no more of what is past, interrupted my Son, you can easily vindicate yourself; would he were here to partake of our Joy!—

Alas!

Alas! said *Henrietta*, mine is damp'd,
when I reflect on the Condition of
that poor Wretch, whose Crimes make
me the more concern'd at his Danger.
I tremble lest he should, ere he has
obtain'd from Heaven that Pardon,
without which he must be for ever
miserable—Tell me, Sir, turning to
Lord *Darnly*, is there any Hopes of
his Life?—Those Fears, this amiable
Compassion becomes the gentle *Hen-*
rietta, return'd he; but do not be too
much alarm'd, I trust his Wounds
are not mortal. I am no less than you
concern'd at his Condition. How
thankful am I, that I have been pre-
served from a Crime, into which the
Impetuosity of my Temper, and a
just Revenge, as I imagined it, would
have hurried me! What must have
been my Remorse, had I endanger'd
his Life in any other Cause, since
even

even now I am so much afflicted at what has happen'd.

You, my Lord, have not the least Reason to reproach yourself, *I* only am to blame. What Misery have I not brought on myself and others, by one early and fatal Imprudence!—Ah! my *Henrietta*, cry'd he, I cannot bear this—Imprudent, did you say? Good Heavens! who but yourself, could ever discover in you the least Imperfection—O let me wipe off those benevolent Tears, generous *Henrietta*! How your compassionate Sympathy, even for one who has so greatly injured you, affects me!

The poor Wretch who excites them, said my Son, would be happy, could he flatter himself you would so easily forgive him; I think he should
be

be inform'd, it might give some Ease to his tortured Mind. The pious *Williamson* has already preach'd him into some Degree of Remorse.—The poor Woman is inconsolable ; I never imagined he was so dear to her, nothing can equal her Tendernefs and Affiduity ; he seems sensible of her Goodness, he reproaches himself for his Ingratitude—owns she deserved a better Fate—but for him she might, by her Virtue, have been worthy of Esteem ; 'twas he that led her into the Paths of Vice and Ruin—She intreats him to be silent, and assures him, weeping, she no longer remembers the Injury he has done her.

I propos'd sending for a neighbouring Clergyman.—It will be necessary then, said my Son, to prepare him for the Visit, or he may be too much alarm'd ;

234 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

alarm'd; your free Livers are apt to think it is all over with them, when Gentlemen of their Cloth make their Appearance; and I am of Opinion, he is not in such eminent Danger as the Surgeons would make us believe. It is their Interest to persuade us he is so. I have some little Skill in Surgery; I saw them dress his Wounds, and am convinced they are not mortal. —Well then, said I, we may return to the Hall; I shall send some of the Servants to assist *Williamson* in attending him, he is not in a Condition to be removed. —I think however, I must see him once more before I go. Spite of his Crimes he now merits Compassion.—'Tis a generous Design, cry'd *Henrietta*. I fear my Spirits would fail me, or I would accompany you; but if it will be any Consolation, you may assure him of my Forgiveness.

giveness—Come then, said I to *Harry*, let us go to his Apartment. You, my Lord, will be so obliging as to order the Coach to be in Readiness against our Return.

So saying, accompanied by my Son, I hasten'd to his Room.—I found the poor Wretch in violent Terror and Dejection. A Life such as his had been, could not fail to make the Approach of Death terrible. His Spirit and Gaiety had intirely forsaken him. *Williamson* was endeavouring to calm his Emotions. He express'd the highest Gratitude for my condescending Visit, as he called it, and implored my Pardon for his Faults—I assured him both of mine, and her's he had more cruelly injured. I begged he would compose himself. My Son endeavour'd to mitigate his Fears in regard to the
Danger

236 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Danger of his Wounds. He eagerly catch'd at the flattering Hope he gave him of his Recovery, and vow'd Reformation if it pleas'd Heaven to spare his Life. How abjectly timorous does a Death-bed render those blustering, daring Spirits!—I could not prevent a Degree of Scorn mixing with my Compassion.

I took Notice to *Williamson* of her violent Tendernefs and Affiduity—Your Charity is commendable, said I, but beware lest other Motives do not rob it of its Merit. Your Life has for some Time been exemplary, guard against a Relapse. Pity the Man, but remember you ought to detest his Faults. Above all Things, take Care your guilty Passion is not rekindled—She blush'd excessively, but made no Answer to my friendly Caution. I am
really

really apprehensive, that this Woman, in spite of her apparent Reformation, has yet but a wavering Virtue—Should he recover, I know not what may be the Consequence of their renew'd Intimacy. Resentment had, for a while, rather stifled than extinguish'd her Love. Should it regain its Force, who knows but he may, now she is in Circumstances to relieve his present Distress, take ungenerous Advantage of her Weakness—yet, perhaps, my Fears are groundless. I would hope the best, but I cannot say I approve of her Behaviour.

It was late before we return'd to the Hall. I had taken Care to remove my *Sophia's* Anxiety, by a short Note I sent from *Williamson's*. The News of her Friend's Return had so good an Effect, that she found herself able to rise, tho' not

to leave her Apartment—*Harry* went up to prepare her for her welcome Guest. In a few Minutes we join'd him—'Tis impossible, my Friend, to describe the general Joy, which was soon after augmented by the Arrival of my Brothers, and the now dejected Sir *James*, from their fruitless Expedition.

We should not so soon have enjoy'd the Pleasure of their Company, had they not accidentally been inform'd of the Rencontre between my Lord and *Obrian*. From the Circumstances they guess'd, the young Lady could be no other than her they were in Search of; upon which they immediately return'd, hoping to find their Conjecture well founded—you may judge of her Father's Transports, on finding his beloved Child thus providentially restored

restored to him. He was, however, rather shy in his Behaviour to Lord *Darnly*; but it was not long ere his unjust Suspicions were removed, and the most cordial Reconciliation took Place on all Sides—Sir *James* was the only Person, who shared not in the general Happiness. *Henrietta* endeavour'd to console him for his Disappointment, by the most engaging Sweetness of Behaviour. She warmly express'd her Gratitude, for his having interest'd himself in her unfortunate Adventure. But all this rather increased than diminish'd his Chagrin, as the more amiable she appeared, the more he regretted his Loss.

Sir *Roger* was concern'd for him. He shook him by the Hand. It can't be help'd, Man, cry'd he, with Emotion. She should ha' been your's, but
that

that I promised her to my Lord, afore I knew you, look'ye; and what I say, I'll stand too, so there's no Help for it—I know there is not, said he, sighing. I had no Reason to entertain any Hopes, you could not foresee the Consequence. It was my Fate, I must submit. May you be happy, Madam, continued he, bowing to *Henrietta*. Your generous Pity for my Sufferings, is the only Interruption to it. I will leave you, therefore, that it may have no Allay. So saying, he paid his Respects to the rest of the Company, and was going—You must not leave us, said my Brother—for this Night at least—Excuse me, Sir, return'd Sir *James*, it is necessary for my Peace. If you have any Value for that, do not oppose my Design. If I stay much longer, I shall not have Power to put it in Practice. His Friend made no Answer, but,

but,
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V

but, with Sir *Roger*, accompanied him to the Gate, where, after bidding them adieu, he mounted his Horse and rode off.—They return'd to us a little dejected, but soon cleared up—Supper was served. The Lovers made but a slight Repast.

When the Servants were withdrawn, Lord *Darnly*, at my Brother's Request, gave us a more particular Account of what happen'd during his Absence. His Story was, however, frequently interrupted by a more interesting Subject, with which he was every now and then entertaining his lovely *Henrietta*, who sat by him, and listen'd to him with sweet Confusion.—Never was there so vile, so artful a Creature, as that Lady *Die*. You'll be astonish'd, when I have Leisure to tell you the various Stratagems she employ'd—her

Character is the most extraordinary I ever heard of.—O come, my Friend, I have a thousand Things to tell you. Do not refuse my Request. Your *Henrietta* too—she positively declares, notwithstanding the Importunity of her Lover, her Marriage shall be delay'd till your Arrival.—Lord *Darnly* threatens to play the Knight Errant, and to bring you here by Force, if nothing else can procure us the Honour of your Company. Adieu, I hasten to join the happy Society—Your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER LIV.

To the SAME.

I SHALL never be reconciled to that Mrs. *Sidney*, dear as she is to you, for having so soon deprived us of the Pleasure of your Company. How
swiftly

swiftly did the happy Fortnight you was with us! wing its Flight! Love may console the enraptured Lord *Darnly* and his charming Bride for your Absence, but your Friend has no Resource of this Nature to dissipate her Chagrin for the Loss of your valued Society. I ought not however, to reproach you; no, let me rather express my Gratitude for the too short Visit you have so obligingly made us.—You charge me to write.—What can I say to you my Friend? You was Witness to our Joy. You saw the lovely Pair united. Their Felicity seems daily to increase. My *Sophia* too is perfectly recovered. Sir *Roger*, my Brother, all my Friends in short, are, as when you left us, the happiest People on Earth.

Now let us talk to you about him,
in whose Fate Compassion interests you.

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He

He is in a fair Way of Recovery. I thought proper to make *Williamson* remove to another Lodging now he is out of Danger, it was not so prudent for her to continue longer in the same House—She frequently visits him, however, tho' the Peoples Care, whom they employ to attend him, may safely be relied on—I know not what will become of the poor Wretch, when his Health is restored. My Brother talked the other Day of doing something for him, but Sir *Roger* strenuously opposed it; said it was encouraging Vice; he ought to starve as a Punishment for his Crimes; a pretty Scheme truly, to reward the Villain for having injured us.—My Lord was silent, so was *Henrietta*; but I guess'd by their Looks, they did not approve his Sentiments—Adieu, my Friend—Congratulatory
Visitors

Visitors leave me hardly a Moment's
Leisure for writing.—Your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY,

LETTER LV.

To the SAME.

I ALWAYS fear'd *Williamson's* was
not a thorough Reformation, and yet
I could not have believed—But let me
be more particular—*Obrian* was per-
fectly recover'd. *Henrietta*, *Sophia*, and
his Lordship, had been for some Days
in deep Consultation, unknown to Sir
Roger, about making some Provision
for him. His forlorn Condition excited
their warmest Compassion. They no
longer remember'd his Crimes—My
Lord at last thought of a Scheme,

L 3

which

which was approved of by them all. They then admitted me into the Secret.—It was, to procure him a Commission in one of the Regiments Abroad. His leaving *England* was judg'd expedient on every Account. I commended the generous Design, which his Lordship immediately put in Execution. The Affair was soon settled. My Lord went himself to confer the unexpected Favour. The Captain, as well he might, expressed the highest Gratitude. He was cautioned, however, not to mention it, least it should come to the Knowledge of Sir *Roger*, who is still implacably incensed against him. They were less reserved to my Brother *Charles*, as they knew his generous Disposition. He greatly approved what his Friend had done; and, as a Proof of it, added a Sum to equip *Obrian* for his Expedition; who, thus happily rescued.

cued from Indigence and Distress, with a Heart—at least to Appearance—overflowing with Gratitude, left ****, having first taken an affectionate Leave of *Williamson*.—There was no Cause for Sorrow on either Side, as they had no doubt amicably settled Matters, so as to prevent a long Separation—This is clear to me, tho' Lord *Darnly* is of Opinion she followed him without his Encouragement or Consent—Be that as it will, 'tis certain she is gone off Bag and Baggage.—Imprudent, unhappy Woman! we see in her the Consequence of a Habit of Vice. How seldom are Creatures of her Character reclaim'd! Adieu, my Friend. Your promised Return is impatiently expected by your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

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